

64

PAGES
OF
THRILLS!

No. 8

JANUARY, 1939

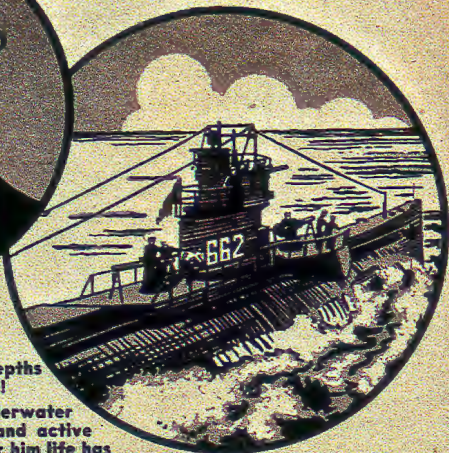
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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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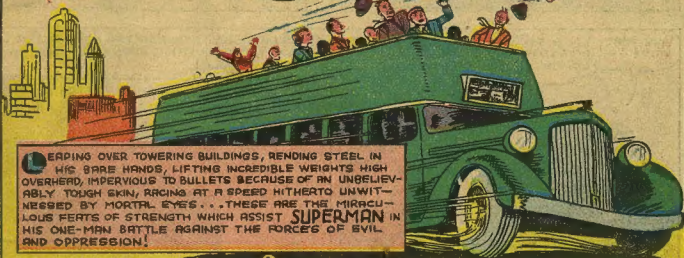
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SUPERMAN

by
JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



LEAPING OVER TOWERING BUILDINGS, RENDING STEEL IN HIS BARE HANDS, LIFTING INCREDIBLE WEIGHTS HIGH OVERHEAD, IMPERVIOUS TO BULLETS BECAUSE OF AN UNBELIEVABLY TOUGH SKIN, RACING AT A SPEED HITHERTO UNWITNESSED BY MORTAL EYES... THESE ARE THE MIRACULOUS FEATS OF STRENGTH WHICH ASSIST SUPERMAN IN HIS ONE-MAN BATTLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL AND OPPRESSION!

1

A SESSION OF JUVENILE-COURT

FRANKIE MARELLO... YOU ARE CHARGED WITH ASSAULT AND BATTERY. WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY IN YOUR DEFENSE?

NOT 'IN--'CEPT IF HE HAD HANDED OVER HIS DOUGH WIT' OUT SQUAWKIN'! I WOULDN'TA HIT 'IM SO HARD.



YOU SPEAK LIKE A HARDENED CRIMINAL. IN THAT CASE, I HAVE NO COURSE BUT TO--

WAIT! WAIT, YOUR HONOR!



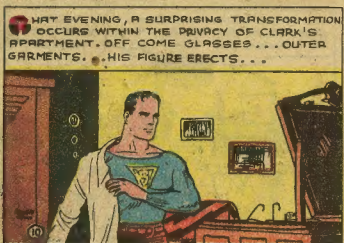
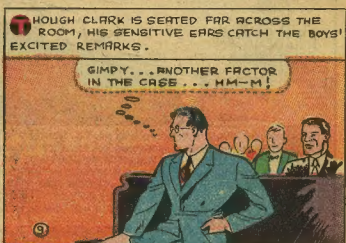
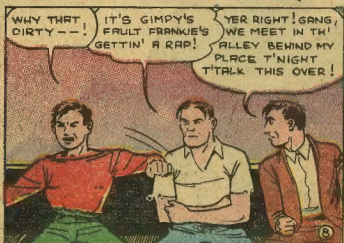
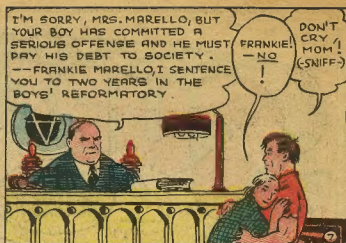
OF COURSE HE TALKS TOUGH--WHAT'S MORE HE IS TOUGH, YOUR HONOR--BUT HE'S ONLY LIKE ALL THE OTHER BOYS IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD... HARD, RESENTFUL, UNDERPRIVILEGED. HE'S MY ONLY SON, SIR. HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GOOD BOY EXCEPT FOR HIS ENVIRONMENT. HE STILL MIGHT BE--IF YOU'LL BE MERCIFUL!

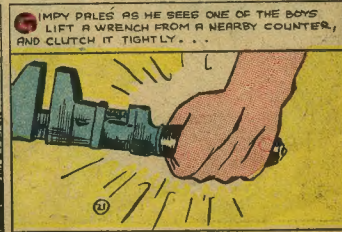
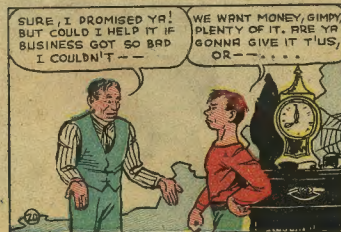
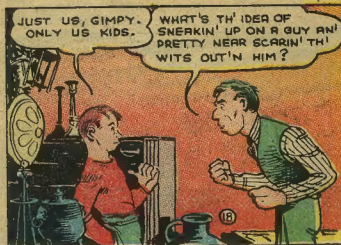
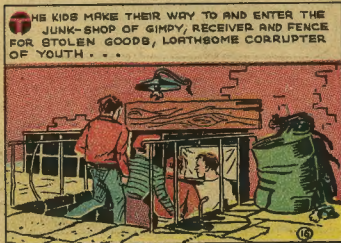
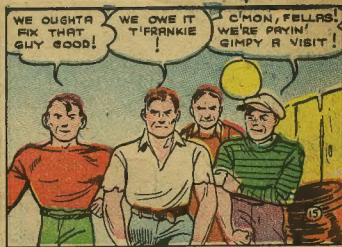


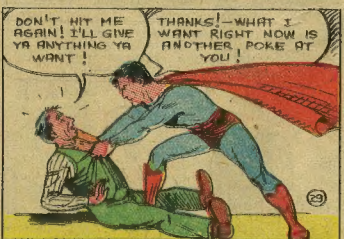
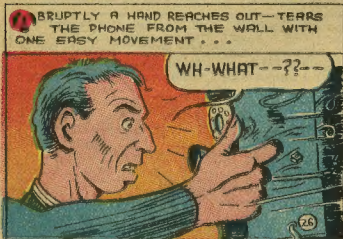
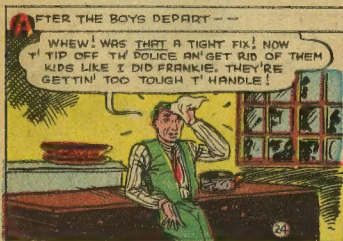
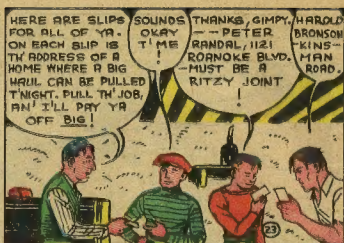
AMONG THE SPECTATORS IN THE COURT-ROOM IS CLARK KENT, ACE NEWSPAPER REPORTER... HE LISTENS INTENTLY, COMPLETELY ENGROSSSED...

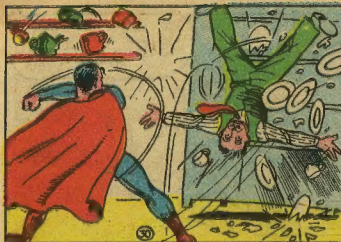
THE MOTHER'S RIGHT! BUT IF I KNOW THE COURT OF LAW... HER PLEA HASN'T A CHANCE!

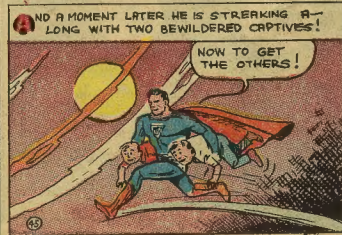
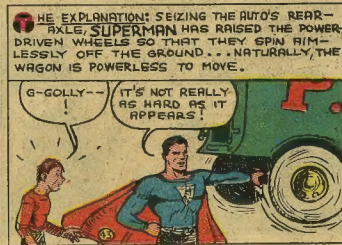
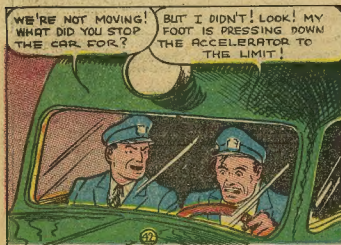
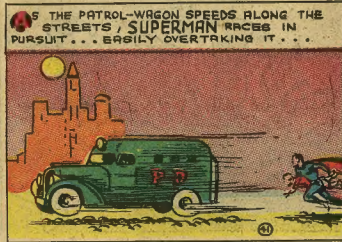


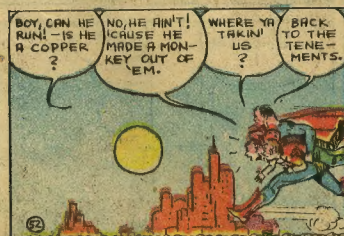
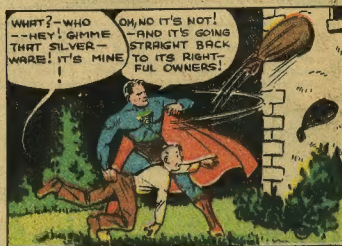
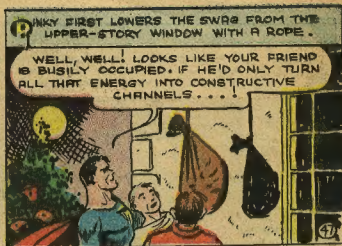


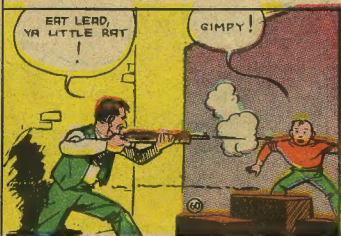
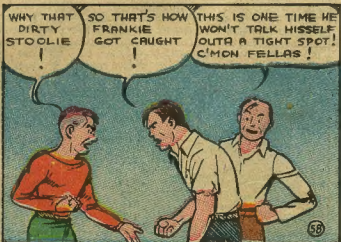
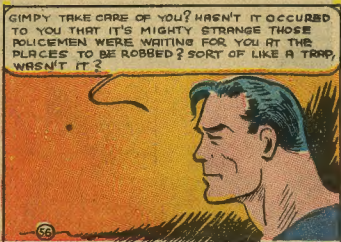












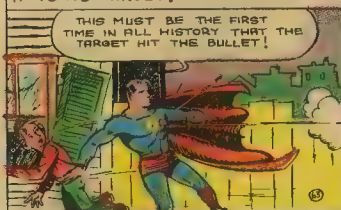
SUPERMAN HAD SIGHTED GIMPY THE MOMENT HE PULLED THE TRIGGER. INSTANTLY, THE IRON MAN ACTS... HE SPRINGS FORWARD!



...AND NOW IS ENACTED A FANTASTIC, TENSE DRAMA... WHICH IS OF SUCH INFINITESIMAL DURATION THAT THE HUMAN EYE IS INCAPABLE OF RECORDING ITS AMAZING OCCURRENCE -- **SUPERMAN RACES THE BULLET**...



...AND ACTUALLY SUCCEEDS IN BEATING IT TO ITS TARGET!



THIS MUST BE THE FIRST TIME IN ALL HISTORY THAT THE TARGET HIT THE BULLET!

IS IMPENETRABLE SKIN UNHARMED BY THE BULLET, **SUPERMAN** SPRINGS AT GIMPY...



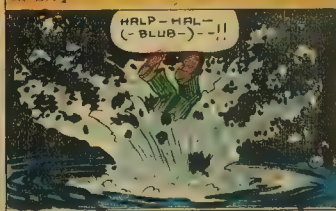
WHEN I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE TOWN, I MEANT BUSINESS!

NO! NO! -DON'T!

PROPELLED BY **SUPERMAN'S** TOSS, GIMPY SAILS OUT -- OUT -- THRU THE NIGHT --



--AND LANDS WITH A **SPLASH** IN THE RIVER!



AS **SUPERMAN** STARES AFTER GIMPY, NICK SEIZES THE OPPORTUNITY... HE SNEAKS UPON HIM FROM BEHIND AND CRASHES A WRENCH DOWNWARD...

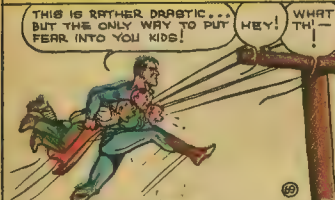


THAT WAS A MEAN STUNT TO PULL AFTER WHAT I'VE DONE FOR YOU! I'M AFRAID THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT FOR ME TO DO, AND THAT'S TO THROW A LITTLE FEAR AND HUMILITY INTO YOU!

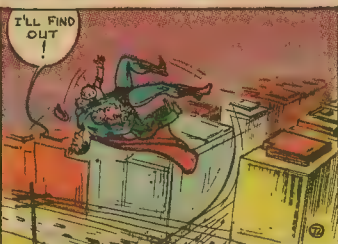
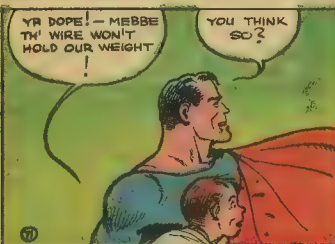
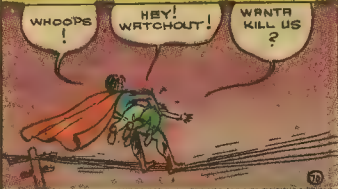


CUT IT OUT! MY RIBS!

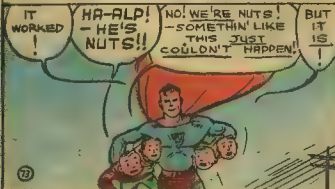
UPWARD SPRINGS SUPERMAN, TOWARD THE TELEPHONE WIRES OVERHEAD...



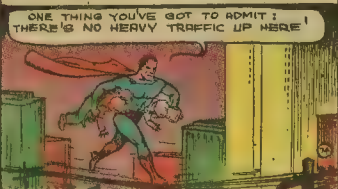
TRIKING THE WIRES, HE TEE-TERS DANGEROUSLY BACK AND FORTH, APPARENTLY SEEKING TO GAIN HIS BALANCE...



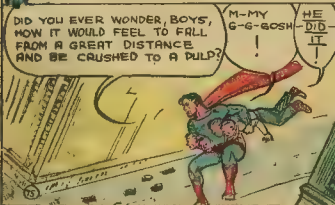
SUPERMAN MAKES A COMPLETE BACKWARD FLIP... AND LANDS SAFELY AGAIN ON THE STRAINING WIRE!



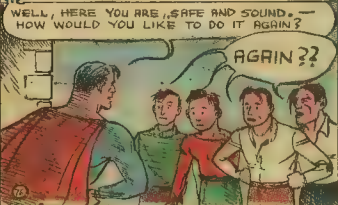
FORWARD STREAKS SUPERMAN ALONG THE TELEPHONE WIRE... HIS ABILITY TO RETAIN BALANCE IS MIRACULOUS...

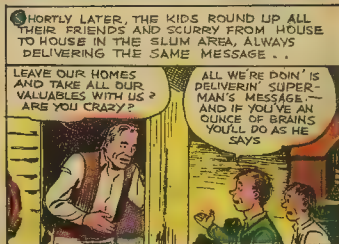
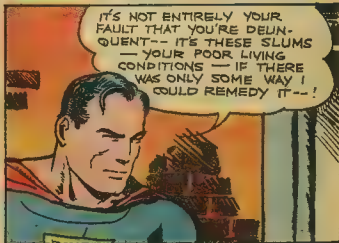
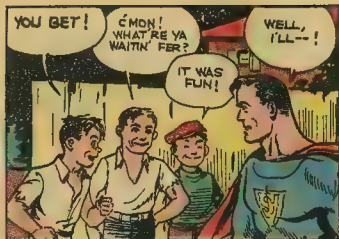


ABRUPTLY HE LEAPS OUT -- AND DOWN --



WHEN THEY ALIGHT --





A FEW MINUTES LATER, PEOPLE ON THE FAR-FRinge OF THE SLUM AREA ARE PUZZLED TO HEAR A SERIES OF CRASHING RUMBLES WHICH GROW LOUDER WITH EACH INSTANT...

WHAT IS IT?

GOOD LORD!
SOUNDS TO ME
LIKE AN EARTH-
QUAKE! —
A HURRICANE!

BUILDING AFTER BUILDING CRASHES BEFORE HIS ATTACK!

THEN HERE'S A JOB
FOR IT! — WHEN I
FINISH, THIS TOWN
WILL BE RID OF ITS
FILTHY CRIME-
FESTERING SLUMS!

SUMMONED BY FLEEING TERRORIZED SLUM INHABITANTS, FIRE TRUCKS AND POLICE PATROLS SWERVE INTO THE DESTRUCTIVE ZONE...

A LUNATIC!
KNOCKING EVERY
THING TO PIECES!
YOU'VE GOT TO
STOP HIM!

IF YOU ASK ME,
YOU'RE THE
LUNATIC! ONE
MAN CREATE
ALL THIS CHAOS!
YOU'RE CRACKED!

IT MUST BE AN
UNKNOWN
ARMY! I'LL
SEND FOR THE
NATIONAL
GUARD!

BUT THEY ARE MISTAKEN! FOR THE SOURCE OF THE SOUND IS A ONE-MAN CYCLONE! SUPERMAN!

SO THE GOVERNMENT
REBUILDS DESTROYED
AREAS WITH MODERN
CHEAP-RENTAL
APARTMENTS, EH?

NOT BAD! — HAVEN'T HAD
SUCH A FINE WORK-OUT IN
A LONG TIME! — HERE'S
ONE FIRE-TRAP LESS!

SUPERMAN CONTINUES TO TEAR STRUCTURES, UNAFFECTED BY THE WITHERING AND REPEATED MACHINE-GUN FIRE...

THE MAN'S
SUPERHUMAN!
— FIX BAYONETS!
ADVANCE!

A TROOP RUSHES INTO THE SECTION... MENACES SUPERMAN...

IT'S ONE MAN!
THIS IS IN-
CREDIBLE!

STOP!
— STOP!
OR WE'LL
SHOOT!

SHOOT IF YOU MUST—
BUT AFTER YOU'VE
HAD YOUR FUN, GO
AWAY BEFORE I
GET ANNOYED!

FIRE!

BUT SUPERMAN AGILY ESCAPES HIS ATTACKERS THRU THE SIMPLE MANEUVER OF BRIDGING SEVERAL CITY BLOCKS IN ONE LEAP...

THEY MEAN WELL,
— AND SO I MUST NOT
LOSE MY TEMPER
AND HURT THEM!

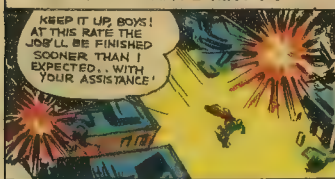
A NEW MENACE! -- A SQUADRON OF AERIAL-BOMBERS WING TO THE ATTACK!



SUPERMAN IS STRUGGLING WITH A HUGE EDIFICE WHICH REFUSES TO FALL WHEN . . .



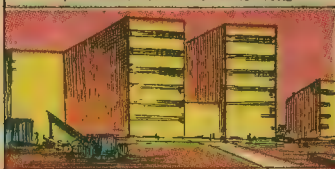
NIMBLY, HE RACES THRU THE STREETS, EXPLOSIONS DODGING HIS FOOTSTEPS AS THE FRANTIC AVIATORS SEEK DESPERATELY TO ELIMINATE HIM . . .



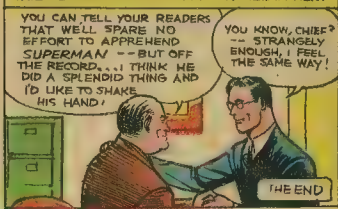
ABRUPTLY SUPERMAN VANISHES FROM SIGHT BEHIND HIM HE LEAVES WHAT FORMERLY WERE THE SLUMS, BUT NOW, A DESOLATE SHAMBLES . . .



DURING THE NEXT WEEKS, THE WRECKAGE IS CLEARED. EMERGENCY SQUADS COMMENCE ERECTING HUGE APARTMENT-PROJECTS . . . AND IN TIME THE SLUMS ARE REPLACED BY SPLENDID HOUSING CONDITIONS



WITHIN THE POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE CHIEF BURKE IS INTERVIEWED BY CLARK KENT



"ACQUIRING SUPER-STRENGTH"

SUPER-VISION

AN EXERCISE TO ACQUIRE UNUSUAL VISION IS AS FOLLOWS:



① FIRST GLANCE AT A DISTANT OBJECT



② THEN GLANCE AT A CLOSE OBJECT -- REPEAT PROCEDURE

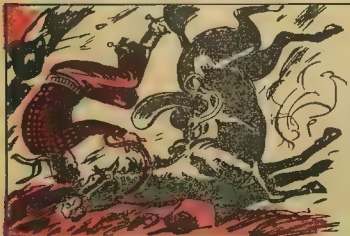
3 DO THIS A FEW MINUTES EVERY DAY AND SOON YOU'LL BE ABLE TO PEER MORE DISTANTLY THAN ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS

"CHUCK" DAWSON

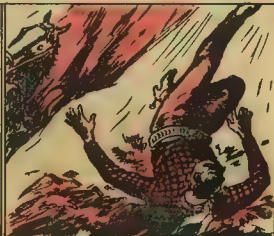
BY H. FLEMING

FROM THE BARRICADED WINDOWS OF THE STURDY LOG RANCH-CABIN OF THE DIAMOND-H, CHUCK AND ZEBE RETURN THE FIRE OF THE A-G GUNMEN— FINALLY, CHUCK DECIDES TO EASE OUT, GET HIS HORSE AND RIDE FOR HELP—

ON THE EDGE OF A STEEP EMBANKMENT, HIS HORSE STUMBLES AND THROWS HIM HEADLONG— — —



A MASS OF DRIED LEAVES AND PINE NEEDLES, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BANK, BREAKS THE FORCE OF CHUCK'S FALL—



MEAN WHILE THE A-G GUNMEN SEE CHUCK THROWN FROM HIS HORSE— THEY SPUR FORWARD TO THE BRINK OF THE DEEP GULLEY.

"COME ON, WE CAN GET HIM NOW, IF HE AINT BROKE HIS NECK!"



"I DONT SEE HIM ABOUT— HE'S PROBABLY HOLED UP BEHIND THAT BRUSH DOWN THERE— LEAVE THE BRONCS HERE AN' WE'LL SPREAD OUT— HE'S AS SLIPPERY AS A GREASED EEL IN A LARD PAIL—"

"STEADY, BOY!"



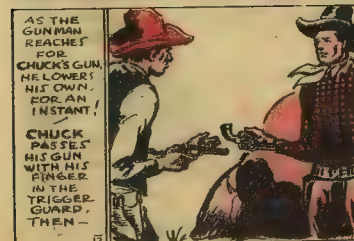
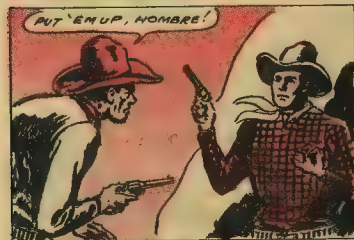
HIS SENSES REELING, CHUCK LIES STILL FOR A MOMENT, THEN CRAWLS OVER TO HIS HORSE, JUST SCRAMBLING TO IT'S FEET— BUSHES SCREEN THEM FROM VIEW FROM ABOVE —

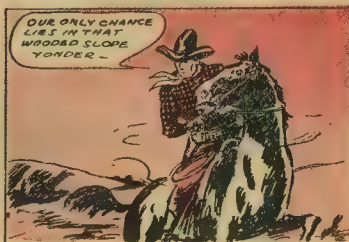
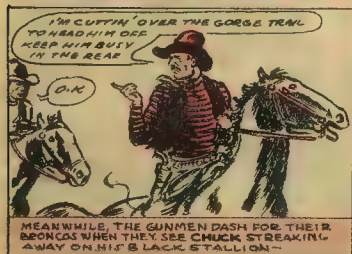
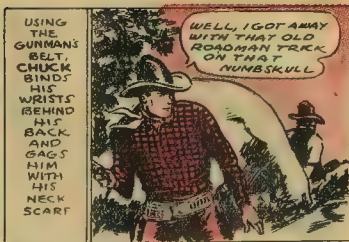
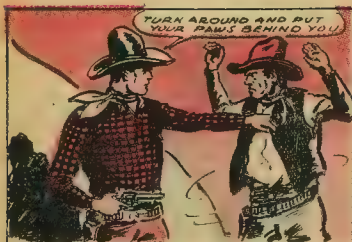


"I HEAR THOSE POLE-CATS UP THERE, NOW!"



ROLLING
BEHIND
A
BOULDER,
CHUCK
FLATTENS
HIS BODY
AGAINST
THE FACE-
GRADUALLY
HE WORKS
HIS WAY
AROUND
TO THE
OTHER SIDE.
SUDDENLY,
A TWIG
SNAPS
IN BACK
OF HIM



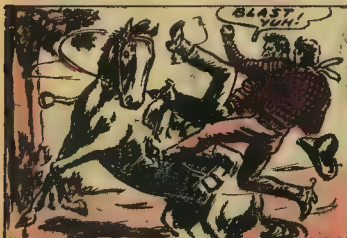




MEAN WHILE THE A-G GUNMAN FOLLOWS CHUCK'S TRACKS THROUGH THE THICKET



WHEN THE GUNMAN IS DIRECTLY UNDER THE TREE, CHUCK LEAPS FROM THE LIMB.



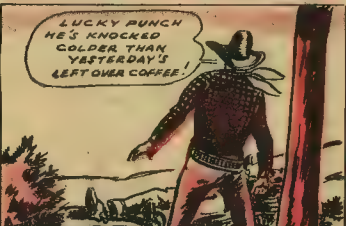
CHUCK AND THE A-G GUNMAN HURTLE FROM THE BRONCO'S BACK, LANDING IN A HEAP ON THE GROUND.



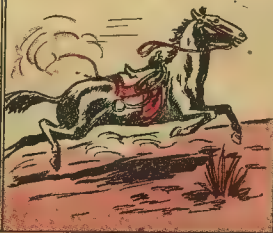
FINALLY THE GUNMAN MANAGES TO TWIST OUT OF CHUCK'S GRASP. THEN, LIKE A FLASH, HE SLIPS HIS HAND INTO HIS BOOT LEG AND PULLS OUT A KNIFE.



CHUCK LEAPS BACK FROM A SAVAGE THRUST OF THE KNIFE—THEN HIS FIST CRASHES AGAINST THE HARD JAW OF THE GUNMAN.



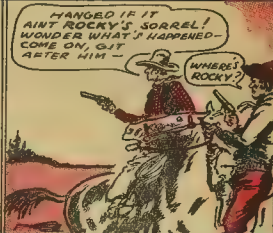
MEAN WHILE
THE
GUNMAN'S
HORSE
HAS
TAKEN
TO HIS
HEELS
AND
GALLOPED
AWAY
IN A
CLOUD
OF
DUST



AS
THE
OTHER
A-G
GUNMEN
RIDE
UP,
THEY
SPOT
THE
RIDERLESS
HORSE
AND
GIVE
CHASE

HANGED IF IT
AINT ROCKY'S SORREL!
WONDER WHAT 'S HAPPENED--
COME ON, GIT
AFTER HIM -

WHERE'S
ROCKY?



WHEN
THE
HORSE
IS
ROUNDED
UP,
THEY
BACK
TRACK
HIM
TO
FIND
ROCKY

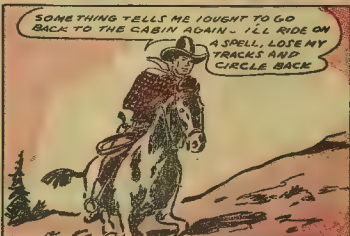


CHUCK
LOCATES
HIS
WELL
TRAINED
BRONCO
WAITING
A
SHORT
DISTANCE
AWAY



O.K. - BLACKY, I GUESS
WE'RE ALL SET - ANYWAY WE
TRICKED THOSE
BUZZARDS
AWAY FROM
THE DIAMOND-H
CABIN -

SOMETHING TELLS ME I OUGHT TO GO
BACK TO THE CABIN AGAIN - I'LL RIDE ON
A SPELL, LOSE MY
TRACKS AND
CIRCLE BACK



AS
CHUCK
RIDES
UP
TO THE
DOOR
OF THE
DIAMOND-H
RANCH
CABIN,
THE
OLD
RANCH
OWNER
STEPS
OUT
GRASPING
A
RIFLE!



HELLO,
AMIGO!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE
ONE OF THEM SKUNKS -
- VIRGINIA, MY DAUGHTER -
- SHE'S GONE - THEY
MAY HAVE HER -
ZEBE'S TRYIN'
TO PICK UP A
TRAIL -



CONTINUED

PEP MORGAN

BY SENE BAXTER

PEP DIGS A PATH FROM HIS HOME AFTER THE FIRST BIG SNOWFALL OF THE YEAR, AS HIS DOG, RANGER, LOOKS ON

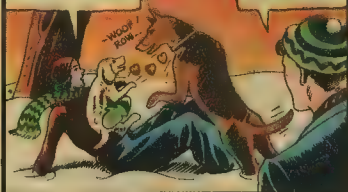


A YOUNG LADY PASSING BY CARRIES A SMALL DOG IN HER ARMS WHICH ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF PEP'S CANINE COMPANION --



GO AWAY-YOU BIG BRUTE!

COME HERE, RANGER!



I'M SORRY HE FRIGHTENED YOU -- HE WOULDN'T HURT YOU!

YOU OUGHT TO BE ARRESTED FOR LETTING THAT AWFUL DOG RUN AROUND LOOSE!



WHAT A CRANK--IF SHE HAD A GUN, RANGER, YOU'D BE IN DOG HEAVEN NOW! HI, DICK, WHERE TO?

UP TO LOOKOUT HILL FOR SKY PRACTICES -- COME ALONG!



THEY ARE GOING TO RUN THE INTER CITY SKI TOURNAMENT SATURDAY--DEVON HAS SOME COLLEGE STAR--WE'LL HAVE TO GO SOME TO BEAT 'EM.

SURE I'LL GO WITH YOU -- WAIT TILL I GET MY SKIS!



WHO'S THIS NEW FELLOW DEVON'S GOT -- IS HE REALLY GOOD?

HE'S A CUP WINNER -- INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMP AND STUFF LIKE THAT! ALSO HAS A GOOD LOOKIN' SISTER WHO COMES HERE ONCE IN A WHILE!



A child's drawing of a skier in a snowy forest. The skier, wearing a red jacket and dark pants, is shown in profile, leaning forward in a turn on a snowy slope. The background is filled with tall, thin trees, some of which are colored in shades of red and pink, suggesting a winter or autumn setting. The drawing is done in a simple, expressive style with visible pencil or crayon marks.

A cartoon illustration of a man in a red tunic and a woman in a blue dress and green hat. The man is looking at the woman, and a speech bubble from him says "CLUMSY FELLOW! GET OUT OF". The scene is set in a room with a red curtain in the background.

DON'T MIND HER-SHE'S JUST LEARNING TO SKI-I'M RAY DENE AND THIS IS MY SISTER JOAN-

GLAD TO MEET YOU-I'M PEP MORGAN-AND THIS IS DICK FAYE-WE WERE JUST PRACTICING A COUPLE JUMPS-THERE'S A MEET NEXT WEEK WITH DEVON!



WELL, DICK, IF WE DON'T BEAT DEVON NOW, I MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE TOWN-I'D NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT FROM MISS JOAN!

DON'T WORRY, PEP. IF ANY-ONE LEAVES IT'LL BE LITTLE JOAN!

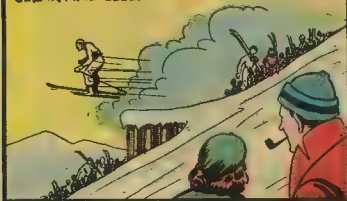


SO THIS IS THE GREAT PEP MORGAN! WHEN MY BROTHER GETS THROUGH WITH YOU AT THE MEET YOU WON'T BE SO PEPPY!

CUT IT OUT, SIS- WELL SO LONG, FELLOWS, SEE Y'U AT THE MEET!



THE DAY OF THE BIG MEET FINALLY COMES- CLEAR AND COLD.



HERE COMES THE HAPPINESS GIRL AGAIN-GET READY FOR SOME BRICKBATS!



I HOPE YOU'VE ORDERED SOME SMALLER HATS TO WEAR AFTER THE MEET, MR. MORGAN!

LOTS OF LUCK FELLOWS!

THANKS BUT I'LL BET YOUR SISTER HOPES IT WILL BE ALL BAD!



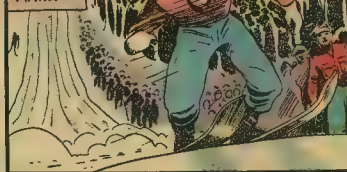
THE FIRST EVENT IS A SKI-JUMP FOR NOVICES-



OUR BOYS JUMP FARTHEST, BUT THEY CAN'T KEEP THEIR FEET!

HOWEVER A DEVON CONTESTANT REMAINS UPRIGHT AS FAR AS THE FINNISH MARK-

HOORAY! DEVON WINS!



DEVON WINS THE FIRST
EVENT - ALL OUT FOR
THE CROSS-COUNTRY
SKI RACE !



COME ON, DICK -
THAT'S US



O.K. PEP -
LET'S RUN 'EM
INTO THE
GROUND !

THE CONTESTANTS LINE UP
FOR THE TWO MILE RACE -

ON YOUR
MARK -
SET -
GO !



DEVON MAN MISJUDGES A SHARP TURN !



DESPITE PEP'S GREATER FAMILIARITY WITH
THE COURSE, RAY MAINTAINS HIS SLIGHT LEAD -
PEP SHOUTS A WARNING -

LOOK OUT FOR
THE CREVICE
JUST AHEAD !



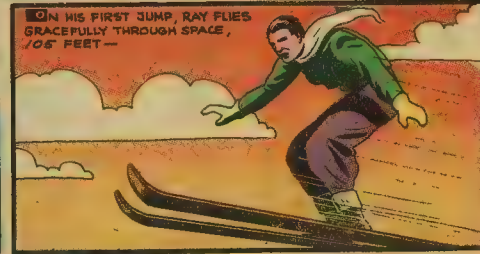
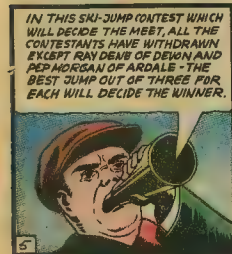
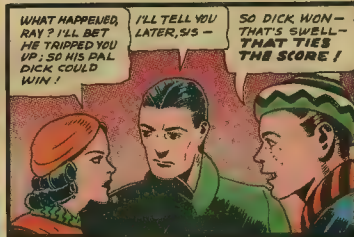
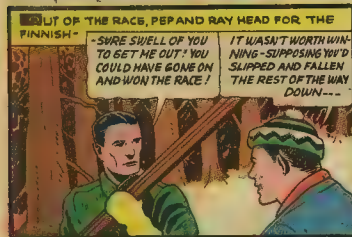
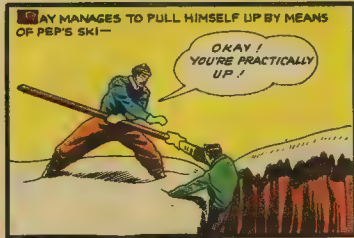
CAUGHT UNAWARES, RAY'S LEAP FALLS
SHORT -



RAY FAILS TO HEAR - THE WIND IS AGAINST HIM

W-
WHAT
TH -





1 PEP JUMPS FAR BUT FALLS ON THE RUNWAY--



2 IN THE NEXT TRY RAY JUMPS 130 FEET! BUT PEP FAILS AGAIN--

TOUGH LUCK, PEP, OLD FELLOW!

I'VE STILL ONE MORE TRY!



3 RAY JUMPS AGAIN WITH BEAUTIFUL FORM - /50 FEET - DEVON ROOTERS GO WILD-

THE MEET'S AS GOOD AS WON! HOORAY FOR RAY!

THEY OUGHT TO CALL PEP "FLOP" MORGAN!



COME ON, PEP--YOU CAN DO IT--WIPE THAT SMILE OF LITTLE JOAN'S FACE!

I'D LIKE TO TAKE HER OVER MY KNEE AND SPANK HER! WELL--HERE GOES!



4 PEP GLIDES DOWN THE ICY SLOPE--EVERY MUSCLE FORCES HIM FORWARD INTO SPACE--FARTHER--FARTHER--



5 PEP KEEPS HIS BALANCE AND FLASHES BY THE FINNISH LINE A WINNER WITH A 155' FT. JUMP!

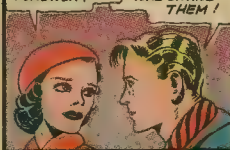
CONGRATULATIONS, PEP-- SOME JUMP! SAY COULD MY SISTER SEE YOU A MOMENT ALONE?

SURE THING!



MY BROTHER TOLD ME WHAT YOU DID FOR HIM AND I'M SORRY I WAS SO FRESH--AM I FORGIVEN?

OF COURSE! I DIDN'T MIND WHAT YOU SAID AS LONG AS IT WAS YOUR THAT WAS SAYING THEM!

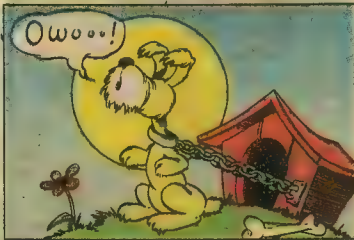
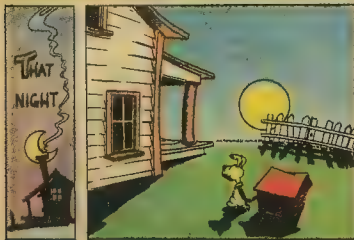
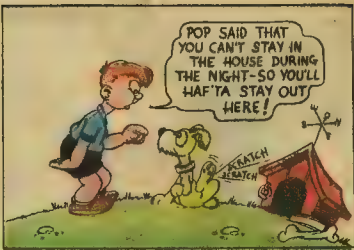


I'M THE ONE THAT NEEDS A SMALLER HAT, I GUESS-- AFTER TODAY!

SHUCKS NO! THAT ONE YOU'RE WEARING FITS YOU JUST RIGHT-- AND IT'S MIGHTY PRETTY TOO!



-THE END-



FANTASTIC FACTS



**APRONS
OF
HUMAN
BONES**
ARE WORN
BY TIBETAN
PRIESTS IN
CERTAIN
RELIGIOUS
RITES

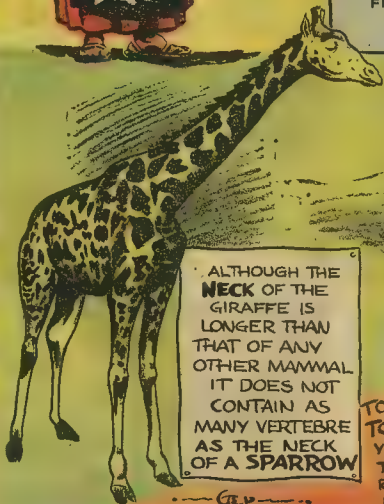


THE REASON WHY
A FLY IS SO HARD
TO SWAT IS BECAUSE
IT HAS THOUSANDS
OF EYES

COMMERCIALY, THE **HUMAN BODY** IS
ONLY WORTH ABOUT **\$1.00!**
HERE ARE ITS ELEMENTS AND THEIR VALUE:-

OXYGEN	\$.65	SULPHUR	\$.0025
CARBON	.18	SODIUM	.0015
HYDROGEN	.10	CHLORINE	.0015
NITROGEN	.03	MAGNESIUM	.0005
CALCIUM	.015	IRON	.00004
PHOSPHORUS	.01	IODINE	.000004
POTASSIUM	.0035		

IN ECUADOR
EARTHWORMS
GROW TO A
LENGTH OF
FIVE FEET



ALTHOUGH THE
NECK OF THE
GIRAFFE IS
LONGER THAN
THAT OF ANY
OTHER MAMMAL
IT DOES NOT
CONTAIN AS
MANY VERTEBRE
AS THE NECK
OF A SPARROW



TOO HOT
TO TOUCH

YET ICE WATER COMES OUT OF
THEM !!! THATS THE STORY OF THE
ROCK FUMAROLLES, OR VOLCANIC HOLES,
LOCATED IN SOUTHERN IDAHO.

The ADVENTURES of MARCO POLO

ILLUSTRATED by SVEN ELVEN

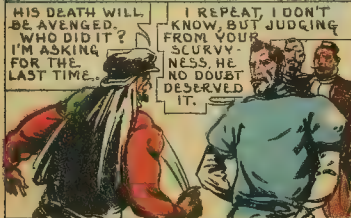
MARCO POLO ESCAPES AND RIDES FOR HELP TO SHELA'S FATHER, ENEMY OF THE BANDITS WHO HOLD SHELA AND THE POLOS PRISONERS IN THE HOTEL KERMAN FOR THE KILLING OF THEIR LEADER.



WHILE BACK IN KERMAN.

HIS DEATH WILL BE AVENGED. WHO DID IT? I'M ASKING FOR THE LAST TIME.

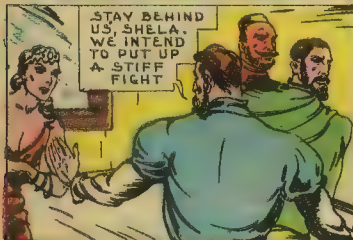
I REPEAT, I DON'T KNOW, BUT JUDGING FROM YOUR SCURVYNESS, HE NO DOUBT DESERVED IT.



ALLRIGHT, SEIZE THE INFIDELS, MEN!



STAY BEHIND US, SHELA. WE INTEND TO PUT UP A STIFF FIGHT

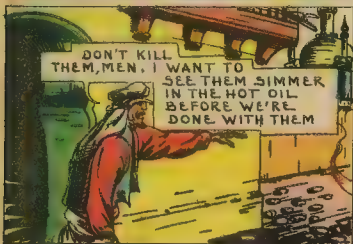


OH, SO YOU'LL RESIST? WELL, YOU CAN'T LAST LONG A GAINST OUR NUMBERS.

WE SHALL ENJOY PLAYING WITH YOU A LITTLE WHILE.

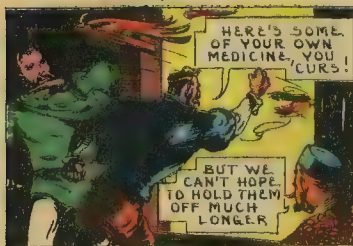


DON'T KILL THEM, MEN. I WANT TO SEE THEM SIMMER IN THE HOT OIL BEFORE WE'RE DONE WITH THEM



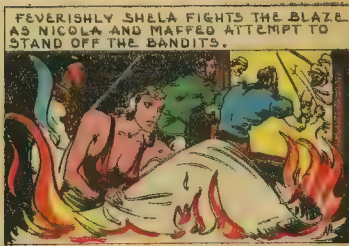
GLEEFULLY THE BANDITS THROW BURNING FIRE BRANDS THRU THE WINDOWS.



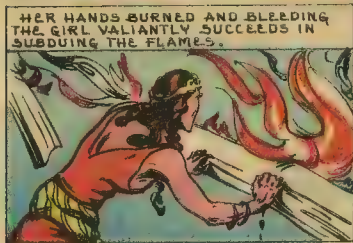


HERE'S SOME
OF YOUR OWN
MEDICINE, YOU
CURS!

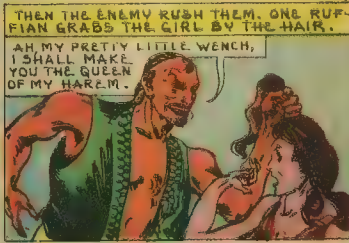
BUT WE
CAN'T HOPE
TO HOLD THEM
OFF MUCH
LONGER



FEVERISHLY SHELA FIGHTS THE BLAZE
AS NICOLA AND MAFFED ATTEMPT TO
STAND OFF THE BANDITS.



HER HANDS BURNED AND BLEEDING
THE GIRL VALIANTLY SUCCEEDS IN
SUBDUING THE FLAMES.



THEN THE ENEMY RUSH THEM. ONE RU-
FIAN GRABS THE GIRL BY THE HAIR.

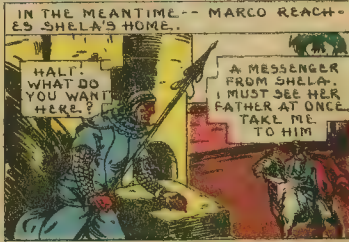
AH MY PRETTY LITTLE WENCH,
I SHALL MAKE
YOU THE QUEEN
OF MY HAREM.



MAFFED SENDS HIM SPINNING AS
OTHERS RUSH IN.

KLONK

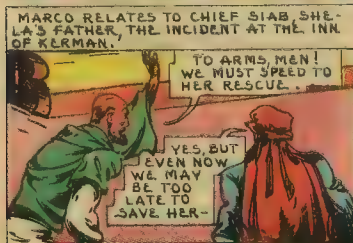
KEEP YOUR DIRTY
HANDS OFF OF
HER, YOU
HEATHEN!



IN THE MEANTIME-- MARCO REACH-
ES SHELA'S HOME.

HALT!
WHAT DO
YOU WANT
HERE?

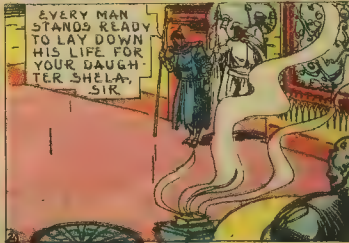
A MESSENGER
FROM SHELA.
I MUST SEE HER
FATHER AT ONCE
TAKE ME
TO HIM



MARCO RELATES TO CHIEF SIAB, SHE-
LA'S FATHER, THE INCIDENT AT THE INN
OF KERMAN.

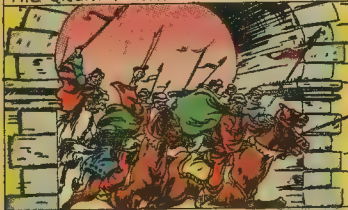
TO ARMS, MEN!
WE MUST SPEED TO
HER RESCUE.

YES, BUT
EVEN NOW
WE MAY
BE TOO
LATE TO
SAVE HER-



EVERY MAN
STANDS READY
TO LAY DOWN
HIS LIFE FOR
YOUR DAUGH-
TER SHELA,
SIR

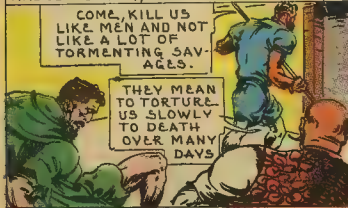
OFF DASHES THE CAVALCADE THRU
THE GREAT PORTALS.



OVER THE SAND DUNES THEY RIDE
HARD TOWARD THE EAST.



BACK AT THE HOTEL MAFFEO, BRUISED
AND BLEEDING, DROPS EXHAUSTED.



COME, KILL US
LIKE MEN AND NOT
LIKE A LOT OF
TORMENTING SAV-
AGES.

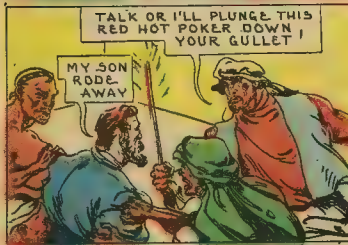
THEY MEAN
TO TORTURE
US SLOWLY
TO DEATH
OVER MANY
DAYS

WELL, ARE YOU
GOING TO TALK
NOW, YOU CHRIS-
TIAN DOG?
WHO WAS IT
RODE AWAY ON
OUR DEAD CHIEF'S
HORSE?



TALK OR I'LL PLUNGE THIS
RED HOT POKER DOWN
YOUR GULLET!

MY SON
RODE
AWAY



I DON'T
KNOW

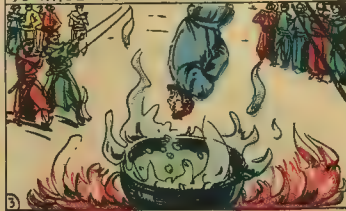
WHERE
TO?



MEN, TAKE HIM OUTSIDE
AND STRING HIM UP.
MAYBE THAT
WILL LOOSEN
UP HIS
TONGUE. A
BIT.



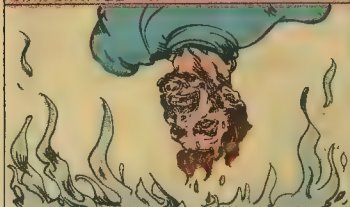
HIGH OVER A BOILING VAT NICOLA
IS HAULED.



THE OIL BUBBLES WILDLY



NICOLA, NEARING THE VAT FEELS HIS SKIN SHRIVEL FROM THE INTENSE HEAT.

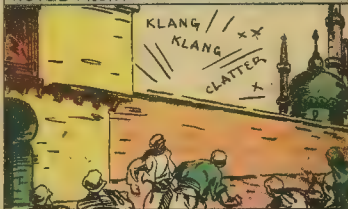


THE BANDITS, CAUGHT BY SURPRISE ARE HACKED DOWN BY SIAD'S MEN

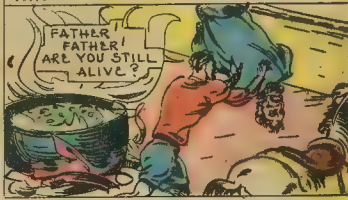


ALL RIGHT, LET HIM HANG OVER THE HOT CAULDRON FOR A WHILE!

A GREAT NOISE ARISES OUTSIDE THE HOTEL FRONT



MARCO DASHES UP TO HIS FATHER AND SWINGS HIM CLEAR OF THE BURNING VAT.



FROZEN HAZARD

By
RICHARD MARTIN

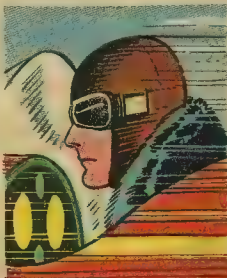
AT eight o'clock that morning, Tim Rourke rolled the sleek red and white mail plane out of the hangar and poised it on the runway of Quebec's municipal airport. Four bags of mail and packages were dumped into the cabin of the ship together with several small crates of machinery and utensils that were needed by the Hudson Bay Construction Company.

The Hudson Bay Company, dealing in the mining and general trading business, maintained numerous branch offices or outposts scattered throughout the length and breadth of Canada's various dominions. The only contact these distant outposts had with the outer world was by dog-sled or airplane; and generally once a month food and supplies and the other necessities of life were transported to these far-flung branches by either of these two means of communication.

Tim climbed into the cockpit and adjusted his safety belt. At the side of the plane stood Bill Ryan, lifelong friend and side-kick of Rourke's. "Better make sure you've got your ear muffs and woolen mittens," laughed Ryan, reaching up and playfully patting Tim's face in a humorous attempt at being matronly.

"Don't worry about me," replied Tim. "I'm old enough to take care of myself!"

"That's fine," said Bill. "But seriously, did you check up on everything? Y'know, 800 miles is a long, long way if you should ever get stuck in the middle of one of those Arctic snow fields."



"The mechanics went over the plane the first thing this morning. Everything's okay!" Tim pulled shut the cabin door and Bill jerked the props away from under the wheels. The automatic propeller-winder was released and Tim opened the ignition. The engine sputtered for a few seconds and then roared into action. Bill warmed it up for five minutes and waved to Bill that he was about to take off.

The plane turned and zoomed down the field in an ever increasing burst of speed. It took to the air and climbing 500 feet or so, banked to the right and headed northward toward the little outpost nestling 800 miles away in the frozen reaches of Canadian iceland. Bill returned to the administration building and stationed himself at the radio, to be in constant communication with his friend till he reached his destination.

Every twenty or thirty minutes Tim would send in his position, speed and the performance of the motor. With each call it became obvious that Tim was making steady headway northward, for the reports of the temperature indicated that it was falling rapidly. Two hours passed . . . three hours passed, and Bill remained at the receiving set, checking and re-checking Tim's journey.

Around noon Tim called in and his message was rather disquieting. He was plowing through a heavy snowstorm, and ice was forming rapidly on the wings, making it extremely difficult to keep the plane on an even balance. A stiff wind from the north prevented him from gaining headway.

"Perhaps you'd better turn around and fly back!" suggested Bill into the microphone in worried tones.

"Maybe I'd better at that," answered Tim. "This motor has been actin' . . ."

Tim's voice was suddenly cut off! Bill endeavored to re-establish contact but his efforts were in vain. Frantically he kept working at the machine for five, ten, fifteen minutes. The ether waves held no response for his feverish attempts.

BILL sank back and wiped his brow. Perhaps he was getting all excited over nothing at all; it was not an unusual occurrence for portable radio sets to go out of commission. He, himself, had experienced the same thing time and again. The best thing would be to wait patiently till two o'clock or so. By that time Tim will have landed at the Hudson Bay outpost and when he did they'd get in touch with the Quebec airport by radio.

He put through a call to the Hudson Bay Company's outpost. They replied promptly that they were still

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New York City**

awaiting the arrival of the red and white mail plane and they'd notify him just as soon as it did come. Bill lit a cigarette and walked across the airport to the small lunchroom for a bite to eat. He gulped down a sandwich and a cup of coffee and then glanced at his watch. It said two o'clock!

He hurried back to the administration building and snapped on the radio set. He signalled the outpost station and soon had that distant branch speaking to him over the ether waves.

"There hasn't been a sign of him yet!" was their disheartening reply to Bill's inquiry.

"How's the weather up in that section?" asked Bill.

"Pretty nasty! We're having a heavy snowstorm and there's a powerful wind whipping out of the north. The temperature's been dropping steadily; it's down to fifteen degrees now. It'll go even lower if this wind keeps up!"

"I'll call you every fifteen minutes," said Bill. "If he does show up in the meantime, let me know immediately."

He sat at the radio set and felt utterly helpless. Between here and the outpost was a distance of a little over 800 miles . . . hundreds and hundreds of miles of desolate, frozen northland. Barren, snow-covered stretches of ice and unbearable cold. Jagged peaks and glistening mountain ranges that meant doom for any



helpless aviator who might be forced down.

At regular intervals he called Hudson Bay Company's outpost but they had no encouraging word. The seconds grew into minutes and these in turn flew by with tantalizing swiftness. Finally, Bill could stand it no longer and jumping up, he raced through the building and burst into the office of Commissioner Barkley.

"I may be over-anxious, Commissioner," he said breathlessly, "but I'm afraid something serious has happened to Tim Rourke on that run to the Hudson Bay outpost!"

"What time was he due?" asked the Commissioner.

"Between 1:30 and 2 o'clock this afternoon. He left the airport here at 8 o'clock this morning." Bill wiped the moisture from his upper lip. "The thing that worries me is that about noon time he radioed in and said something about his motor acting in a peculiar manner . . . I imagine that's what he intended to say but he never finished the sentence. He was cut off dead!"

Commissioner Barkley glanced at his watch. "Hm'm . . . almost three hours overdue! I'll notify the field superintendent to have a scouting plane sent out immediately; meanwhile, we'll get in touch with the Hudson Bay outpost to have them dispatch several dog teams to cover as much territory as they possibly can!"

Bill cleared his throat. "If you can arrange it, Commissioner, I'd like to fly that scouting plane . . . you see, Tim Rourke was a friend of mine!"

The Commissioner was thoughtful for a moment and then he extended his hand. "I believe we can manage it that way. Lots of luck!"

CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

(In the cold Arctic wasteland Tim Rourke's plane has been forced down. To his assistance comes his life-long friend, Bill Ryan, who flies from Quebec in search of the lost mail plane. Will Ryan's quest be a successful one?)

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

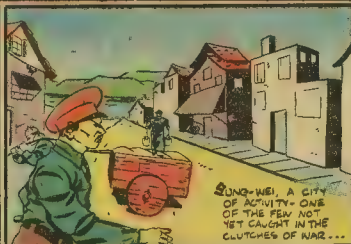
CITY.....

STATE.....

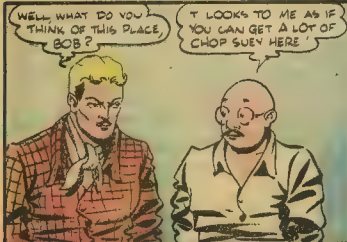
TEX THOMSON

By Bernard Bailey

THE FAR EAST--- A LAND OF MYSTERY AND WAR--- IT IS IN THIS SETTING THAT WE FIND TEX THOMSON AND HIS FRIEND BOB DALEY... AFTER LEAVING THEIR BOAT THE TWO HEAD FOR THE ONLY HOTEL IN SUNG-WEI, A SMALL CITY IN THE INTERIOR OF THE ORIENT.....



SUNG-WEI, A CITY OF ACTIVITY- ONE OF THE FEW NOT YET CAUGHT IN THE CLUTCHES OF WAR...



WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS PLACE, BOB?

IT LOOKS TO ME AS IF YOU CAN GET A LOT OF CHOP SUEY HERE.



SUDDENLY THEY ARE HALTED..

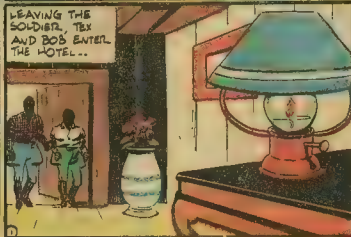
WOULD LIKE TO SEE PASSPORT PAPERS PLEASE?

PASSPORT PAPERS? WHY OF COURSE!

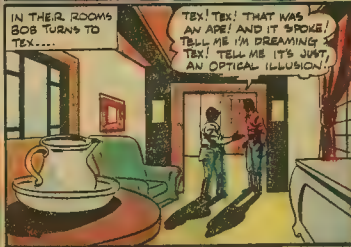
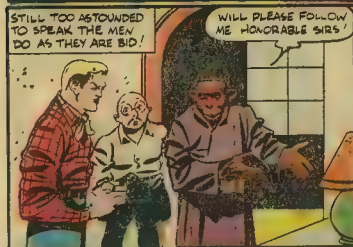
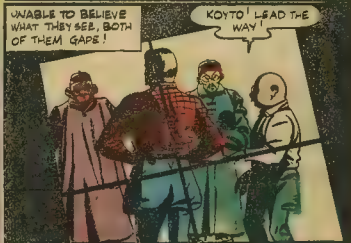
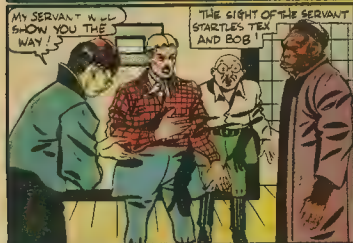
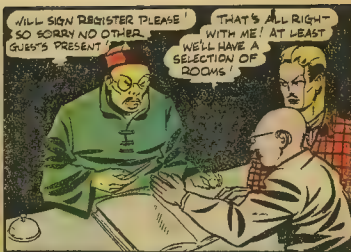
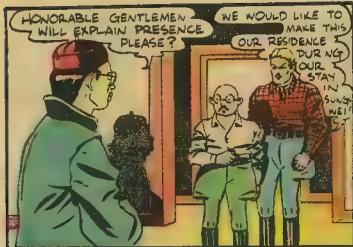


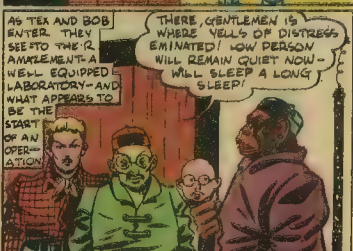
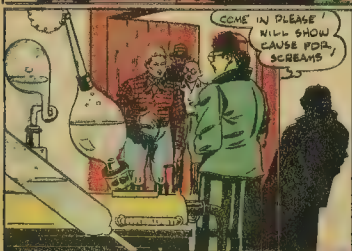
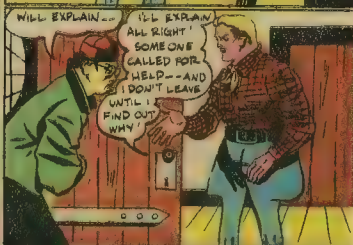
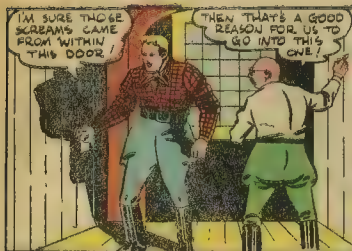
PAPERS ALL RIGHT WOULD ADVISE- LEAVE SUNG-WEI- TROUBLE SOON.

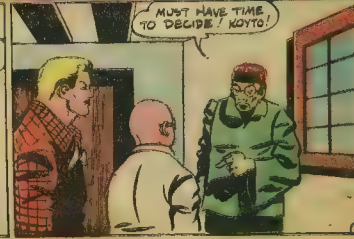
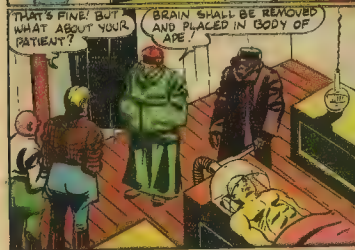
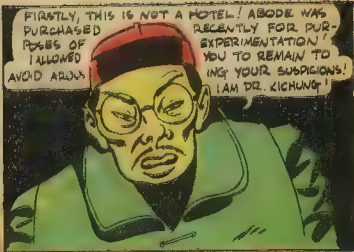
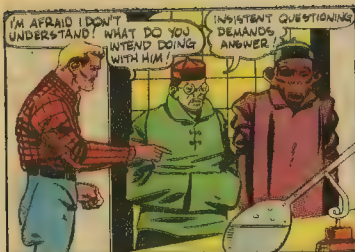
THANKS FOR THE WARNING, OLD MAN. I THINK WE'LL HANG AROUND AWHILE.

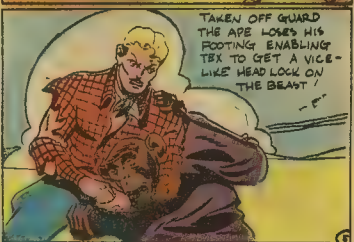
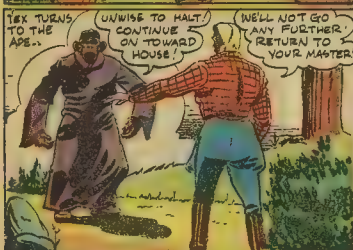
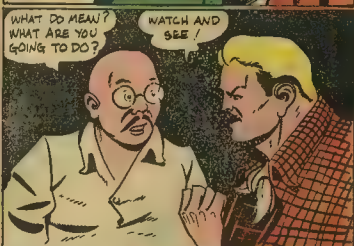
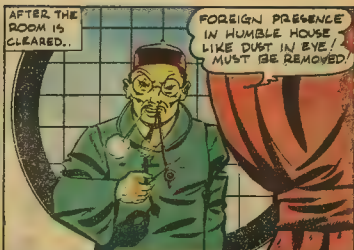
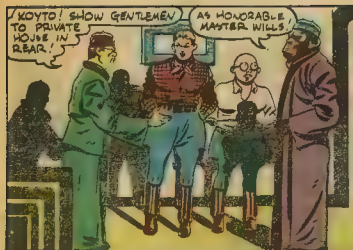


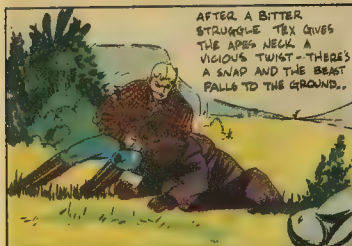
LEAVING THE SOLDIER, TEX AND BOB ENTER THE HOTEL..









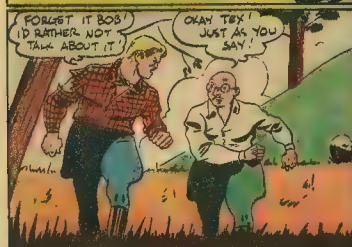


AFTER A BITTER STRUGGLE TEX GIVES THE APES NECK A VICIOUS TWIST - THERE'S A SNAP AND THE BEAST FALLS TO THE GROUND..



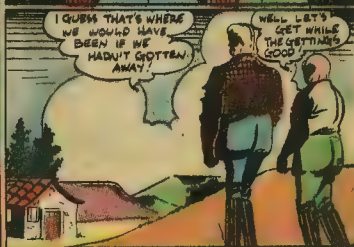
COME ON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE SOMEONE DISCOVERS WHAT HAS HAPPENED!

G-GOSH TEX! YOU BEAT THAT APE! I DON'T KNOW HOW...



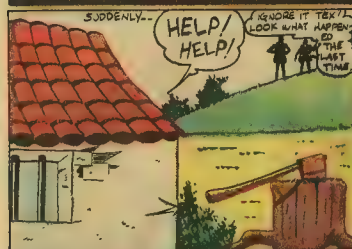
FORGET IT BOB! I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT!

OKAY TEX! JUST AS YOU SAY!



I GUESS THAT'S WHERE WE WOULD HAVE BEEN IF WE HADN'T GOTTEN AWAY!

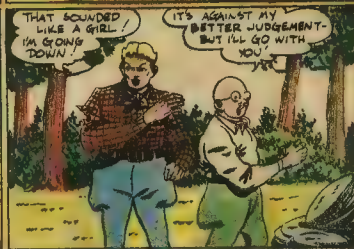
WELL LET'S GET WHILE THE GETTING'S GOOD!



SUDDENLY--

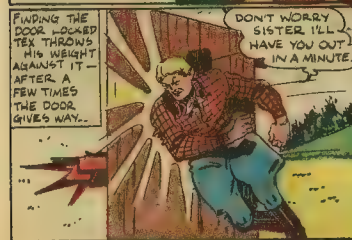
HELP!
HELP!

IGNORE IT TEX! LOOK WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME!



THAT SOUNDED LIKE A GIRL! I'M GOING DOWN!

IT'S AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGEMENT - BUT I'LL GO WITH YOU!



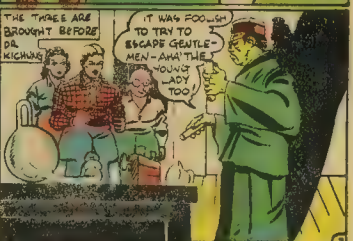
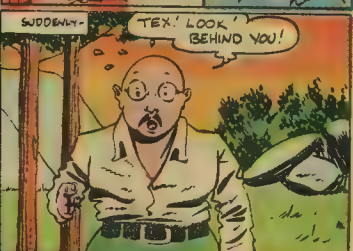
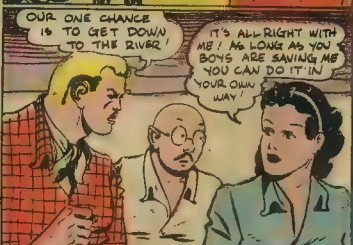
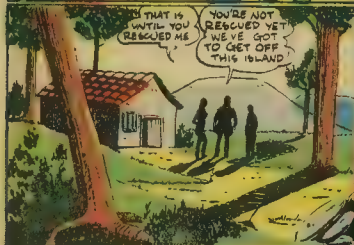
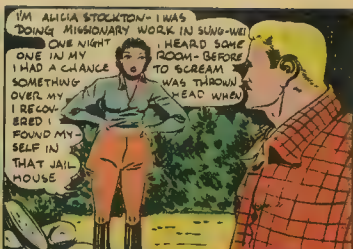
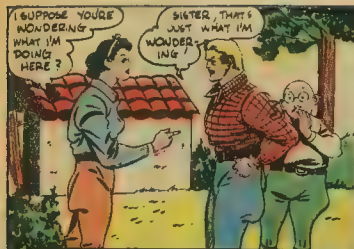
FINDING THE DOOR LOCKED TEX THROWS HIS WEIGHT AGAINST IT - AFTER A FEW TIMES THE DOOR GIVES WAY--

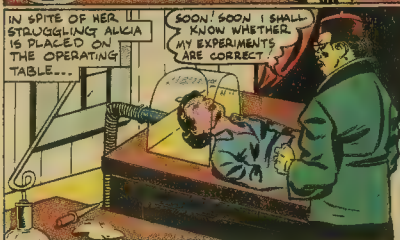
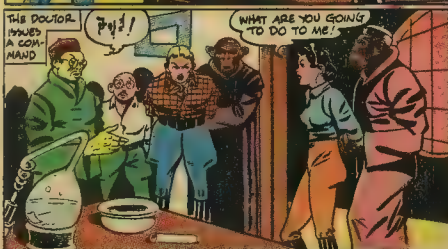
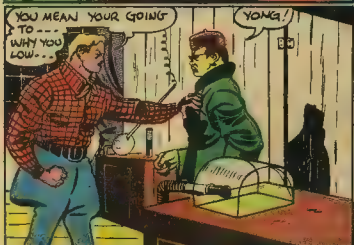
DON'T WORRY SISTER I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A MINUTE!

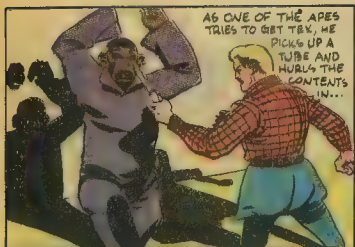


FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE OUT STEPS A GIRL--

HELLO! THANKS FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE!



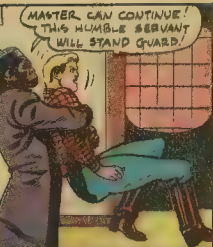




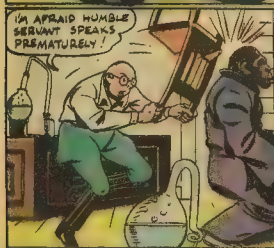
AS ONE OF THE APES
TRIES TO GET TEX, HE
PICKS UP A
TUBE AND
HURLS THE
CONTENTS
IN...



THE BEAST'S FACE—
ONLY TO BE
GRABBED FROM
THE REAR BY
ANOTHER ONE



MASTER CAN CONTINUE!
THIS HUMBLE SERVANT
WILL STAND GUARD!



I'M AFRAID HUMBLE
SERVANT SPEAKS
PREMATURELY!



GOOD WORK BOB!

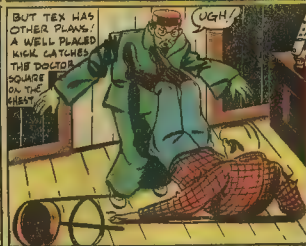


BUT BEFORE HE
CAN REGAIN
HIS BALANCE
DR. KICHUNG
SMASHES
TEX IN
THE JAW...



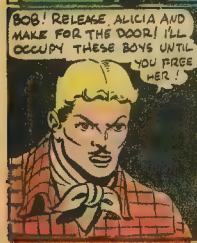
THEN PULLS OUT
A KNIFE AND
MOVES TOWARD
TEX...

WHO INTERFERES
WITH DR. KICHUNG,
DIES!

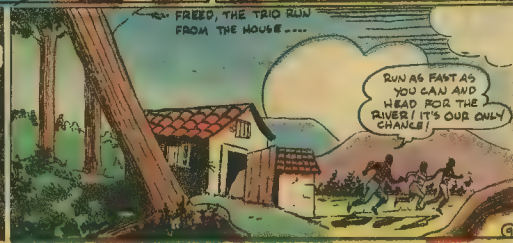


BUT TEX HAS
OTHER PLANS!
A WELL PLACED
KICK CATCHES
THE DOCTOR
SQUARE
ON THE CHEST

UGH!



BOB! RELEASE ALICIA AND
MAKE FOR THE DOOR! I'LL
OCCUPY THESE BOYS UNTIL
YOU FREE
HER!



FREED, THE TRIO RUN
FROM THE HOUSE....

RUN AS FAST AS
YOU CAN AND
HEAD FOR THE
RIVER! IT'S OUR ONLY
CHANCE!

IN THE MEANTIME
DR KICHUNG HAS
RECOVERED...

ESCAPED! BUT THEY
CANNOT GO FAR!
YONG! COME HERE!



HURRY
SOMEONE!
IS FOLLOWING
US

THAT'S ALL I
WANT TO KNOW!
COME ON FEET
DO YOUR STUFF!

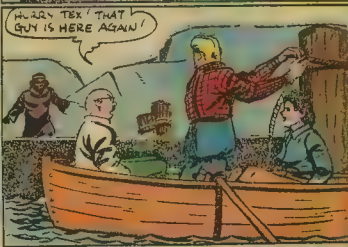


YES MASTER!
YOU
CALLED?

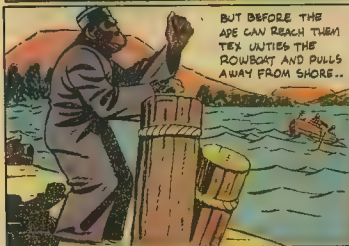
OF COURSE I CALLED.
HEAD THEM OFF
BEFORE THEY
REACH THE RIVER!



HURRY TEX! THAT
GUY IS HERE AGAIN!



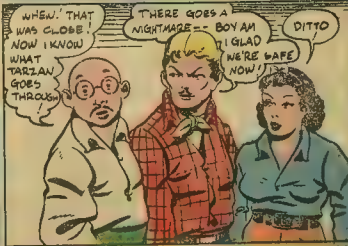
BUT BEFORE THE
APE CAN REACH THEM
TEX UNTIES THE
ROWBOAT AND PULLS
AWAY FROM SHORE...



WHEN! THAT
WAS CLOSE!
NOW I KNOW
WHAT
TARZAN
GOES
THROUGH!

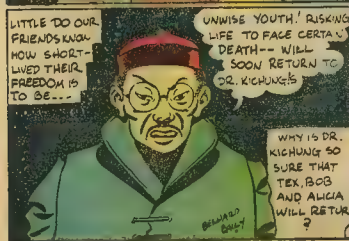
THERE GOES A
NIGHTMARE-- BOY AM
I GLAD
WE'RE SAFE
NOW!

DITTO



LITTLE DO OUR
FRIENDS KNOW
HOW SHORT-
LIVED THEIR
FREEDOM IS
TO BE...

UNWISE YOUTH! RISKING
LIFE TO FACE CERTAIN
DEATH-- WILL
I SOON RETURN TO
DR. KICHUNG'S



WHY IS DR.
KICHUNG SO
SURE THAT
TEX, BOB
AND ALICIA
WILL RETURN?

Continue this thrilling
adventure with **TEX**
THOMSON
in the "FAR EAST"
NEXT MONTH!



ODDS 'N ENDS ... BY MOLODOFF

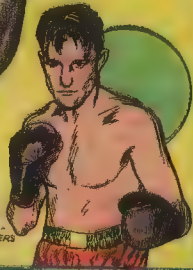
Scrapbook of Sport Stars



**FREDDIE
- STEELE -**

ABANDONED WITH HIS MOTHER WHEN HE WAS 6 MONTHS OLD BY A FATHER HE HAS NEVER SEEN, FREDDIE STEELE STARTED FIGHTING FROM HIS CRIB TILL HE BECAME MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION.

ONCE GADDIED FOR DAVE MILLER, WHO IS NOW HIS MANAGER, STARTED BOXING PROFESSIONALLY AT 15, WHEN HE WEIGHED 110 LBS. BEAT RISCO FOR THE TITLE IN '36. HAILED AS ONE OF THE GREATEST FIGHTERS TO COME FROM THE NORTHWEST.



STEELE LOST TO FRED APOSTOLLI A FEW MONTHS AGO IN A NON-TITLE BOUT. APOSTOLLI CLAIMED THE TITLE BUT WAS BEATEN BY YOUNG CORBETT WHO NOW CLAIMS THE CHAMPIONSHIP. HOWEVER STEELE IS STILL RECOGNIZED AS CHAMP IN MOST OF THE STATES.

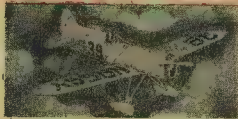


OKLAHOMA UNIV. DEFEATED KINGFISHER 70-0 IN 1916, 179-0 IN 1917, 157-0 IN 1919 AND 104-0 IN 1921



DUSTER MAILES, COACH OF THE SAN FRANCISCO SEALS, WEARS A QUESTION MARK ON HIS BACK INSTEAD OF A NUMBER.

Here's A Knockout Gift For Christmas!



KEEP IN TOUCH WITH AVIATION

- FUN**—Know about the latest model fliers. Get a real kick from watching your ship soar high above, and glide home for a perfect three-point landing.
- LEARN**—to build motors—cabin planes—hydropontes—lighters—bombers. Know about wing-streets—lifting—liberal—wind—wind motors. Study the gas jets powered with tiny 1/8 H.P. motor—own your own that will fly 25 minutes.
- MAKE MONEY**—Win prizes in model building and in model flying. Make scale models to sell for home decorations, flying models for gifts, etc.

Everyone wants to know more about this fast-growing sport and Business—AVIATION. Give your Pal a present that will bring Fun and Valuable Information to him for the next twelve months. And why not give yourself this swell present, too! You can save money by taking advantage of our Special Holiday Gift Offer. Get a full year's subscription to

MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS

plus a complete Construction Kit to build the Howard the famous racing plane pictured at left. This is a 20" model and has a retail value of 50c. It is colored all white with black details. Kit is complete containing a full size plan and many finished parts. Its fast, stable flights will thrill any one who builds this model.

MAIL US

\$1.50

FOR 12
ISSUES
AND FLYING
MODEL KIT

MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS, 681 6th Ave., New York, N.Y. For the enclosed \$1.50 please send me Model Airplane News for one year; also send me Howard the Famous Model Kit.

Name Age
Address
City State
This offer good in U. S. and Canada, only, excluding Kit, also good in U. S. A., Mex., Cuba, Mexico, Panama and

WORLD OF STAMPS

PHILATELY ON WHEELS

If the rising generation does not take to stamp-collecting "en masse", it certainly won't be the fault of the Post Office Department, for that governmental body presided over by Mr. James A. Farley has many plans to cultivate stamp-mindedness among the young.

Recent stamp issues with their historical connotations will do much themselves to promote an interest in postage paper among students, and now philately is being brought, literally, to their doors.

A philatelic truck is being sponsored by the government to bring to the youth of the country, especially those in rural communities, the most complete exhibition and collection of United States stamps ever assembled for such a purpose.

According to present plans, the truck will exhibit specimens of every United States stamp from the first issue of 1847, which consisted of two adhesives, to the present series which will number thirty-two by the end of the year. A complete collection of United States stamped envelopes from the original issue of 1853-1855 to the present time will also be included as will post cards from 1873 to 1926.

A miniature printing press will be used to print souvenir items for distribution. The embryo stamp collectors to whom this appeal is being made will be shown each step in the process of stamp manufacture, aided by actual working examples of steel dies, flatbed and rotary press plates, and transfer rolls. He will also see other items that go to make up stamps, such as ink and gum.

A dyed-in-the-wool philatelist will be in charge of the exhibit to lecture, and answer questions, of which there will be plenty.

The truck is a six ton affair with a wheel base of about 147 inches. It was constructed and equipped in Chicago. Painted on the sides are the words, "United States Post Office Department". A shatter-proof glass window will permit observers to view the stamps readily.

Ten years ago King Zog of Albania decided he was a king instead of a president, and had himself crowned accordingly. To mark the anniversary, a set of eight stamps has been issued as well as a miniature sheet of three adhesives. Vjetori i Mbretinis" (Tenth anniversary of the kingdom.)

A portrait of the king appears on the 25 gold, blue and 1 franc, olive-green stamps. Queen Geraldine, who was Countess Apponyi of Hungary before she married Zog last April, is portrayed on the 1q violet, 5q green and 15q scarlet stamps. The last design is the eagle and sword of Skanderbeg, symbol of Albanian independence, which appears on the 2q orange, 10q, and 50q slate.

The miniature sheet carries the three designs as follows: King Zog, 30q violet, eagle and sword design, 70q gray-green, 15q scarlet, Queen Geraldine.

EARN CASH!! EARN STAMPS!!

Sell my approval books, approval sheets, and nickel packets. Bargains in stamps and profits for you.

MORTIMER ELLIS

2241 West 37th Street, Dept. DY-1
Brooklyn, New York

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... an Adhesive Stamp of King Edward, and TWO pretty foreign pictorial sets including an Austrian set. You can have these historically interesting stamps by sending us 4c to cover cost of postage and packing. Interesting approvals included.

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STAMP OUTFIT FREE

Source NORTH BORNEO (Jungle Scene) and thrilling AIRMAIL TRIANGLE from Mozambique Co.! BOTH these unusual stamps (missing from most collections) ALSO World's Largest SHIP stamp (picturing Columbus' Fleet) and fine packet other hard-to-get stamps including Sudan (Desert Scene), Georgia (Dead Country!), a set of the WORLD'S SMALLEST STAMPS—big illustrated hats and a WATERMARK DETECTOR—all FREE to applicants for our world famous approvals sending 3c postage! Write today for this sensational offer.

DEPT. X, MIDWOOD STATION, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SCOOP SCANLON

FIVE STAR REPORTER ^{by} Will Ely

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF US
COMIN' OUT HERE IN THE
STICKS AGAIN, SCOOP?
WE JUST GOT BACK
TO NEW YORK --



RUSTY, WHEN I GET A TIP
FROM MY PAL BILL MALONE,
THE G-MAN, I ALWAYS
FOLLOW IT UP --

KIND OF ODD ISN'T IT?
A G-MAN GIVING
OUT TIPS?



WELL BILL FEELS HE OWES ME
A DEBT FROM THE PAST, AND
HE LIKES TO GIVE THE
BULLETIN AN
EXCLUSIVE

WELL I'LL BE ---
A FLAT !!

HOLD HER, SCOOP!



RUSTY, LOOK HERE!
A BULLET HOLE !!

DUCK, SCOOP! SOMEONE'S
FIRING AT US WITH
A SILENCED RIFLE!



IT'S COMING FROM
UP THERE IN THE HILLS --
IF ONLY WE HAD
A RIFLE --

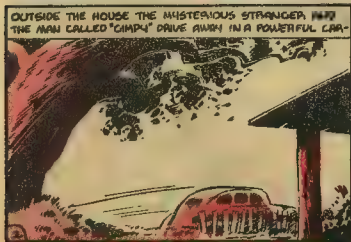
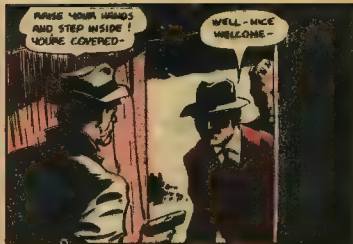
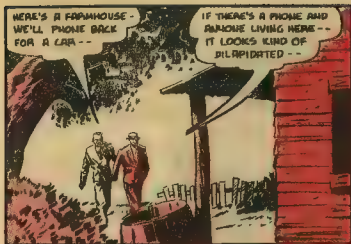
LOOKS LIKE MAYBE
WE AIN'T
WANTED HERE --

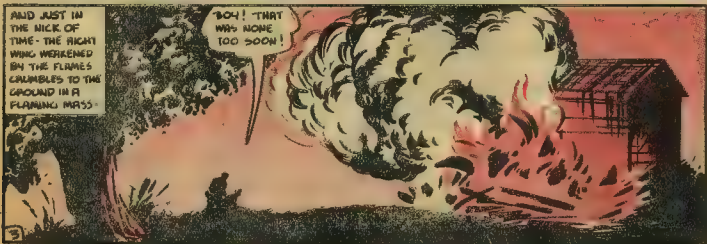
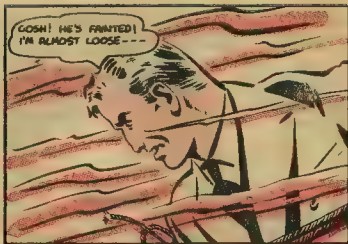
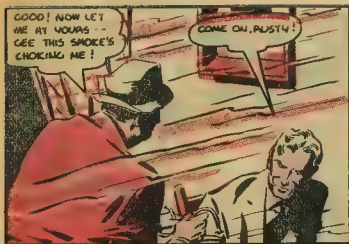


THEY'VE STOPPED -- LET'S
SEE HOW THE CRAIS --

BOY! IT'S RIGGLED! WE'LL
HAVE TO GO ON FOOT --

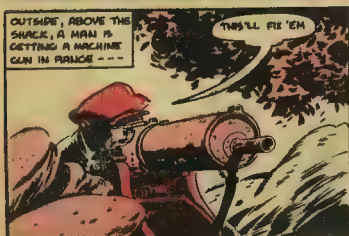






AND JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME - THE RIGHT WING WEAKENED BY THE FLAMES CRUMBLES TO THE GROUND IN A FLAMING MASS -





THE GANGSTERS,
CAUGHT BETWEEN
TWO FIRES, GO
DOWN LIKE FLIES--
THE REMAINING
THROW UP THEIR
HANDS AND BED
FOR MEACH ---



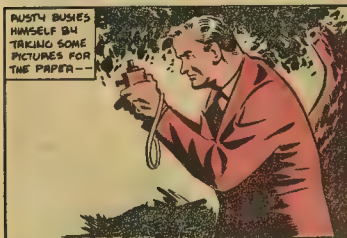
BILL AND HANK
COVER THEM FROM
THE REAR WHILE
SCOOP AND RUSTY
CLOSE IN ---



GET THE CUFFS ON
'EM AND LOCK 'EM
IN THEIR OWN TRUCK



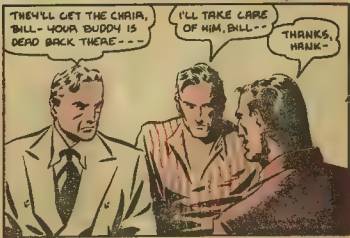
RUSTY BUSIES
HIMSELF BY
TAKING SOME
PICTURES FOR
THE PAPER ---



THEY'LL GET THE CHAIR,
BILL-- YOUR BUDDY IS
DEAD BACK THERE ---

I'LL TAKE CARE
OF HIM, BILL --

THANKS,
HANK --



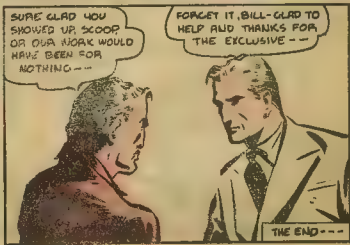
HOW'D YOU
GET WISE TO
THIS BUNCH,
BILL?

WE FOUND THE STUFF GROWING
THEN WAITED FOR THEM TO TAM
AND HARVEST IT --



SURE GLAD YOU
SHOWED UP, SCOOP,
OR OUR WORK WOULD
HAVE BEEN FOR
NOTHING ---

FORGET IT, BILL-- GLAD TO
HELP AND THANKS FOR
THE EXCLUSIVE ---



THE END ---

ZATARA

MASTER MAGICIAN

AND THE

INDIAN PRINCE

BY FRED GUARDINEER



ZATARA AND TONG ARE BOUND FOR CEYLON AFTER THEIR VISIT TO THE SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND MINES —



AT DINNER THAT NIGHT ZATARA MEETS THE MAHARAJAH FOR THE FIRST TIME —

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE THE MAHARAJAH RAJPUT SINGH, ZATARA, AND TWO OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

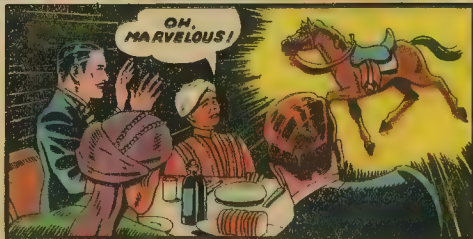
A PLEASURE, I ASSURE YOU!



I HAVE HEARD SOME WONDERFUL THINGS OF YOU, ZATARA. WILL YOU DO SOME TRICKS FOR ME?

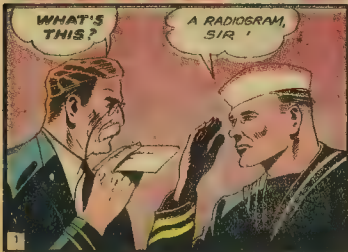


OH, MARVELOUS!



WHAT'S THIS?

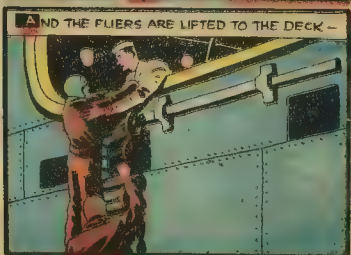
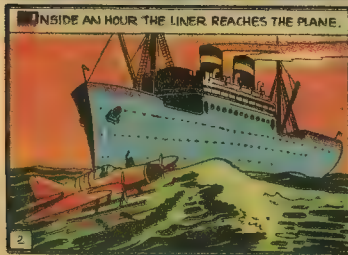
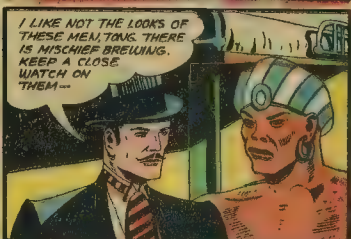
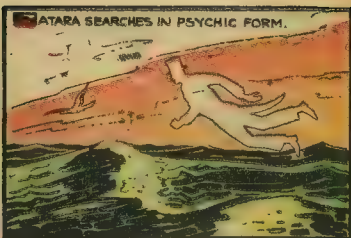
A RADIOGRAM, SIR!

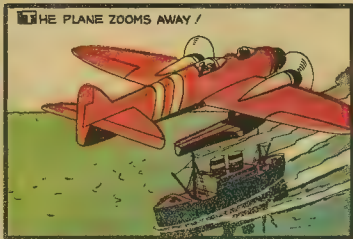
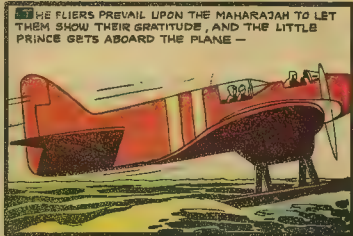
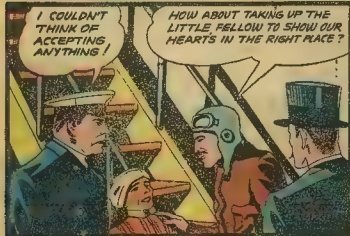
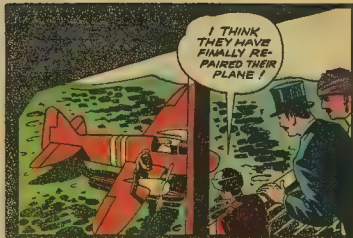


LISTEN!

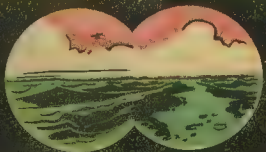
SEAPLANE LOST ON YOUR ROUTE STOP PLEASE MAKE SEARCH IN PASSAGE - CUTARD LINES





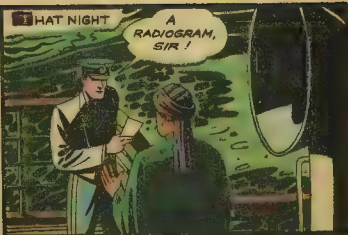


THEY ARE SO FAR AWAY NOW THAT ZATARA CAN SEE ONLY A VAGUE BLOT THROUGH HIS POWERFUL GLASSES.

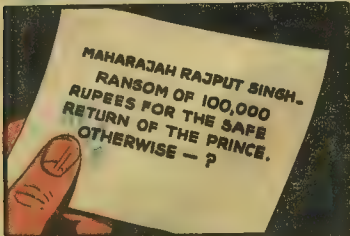


THAT NIGHT

A
RADIOGRAM,
SIR!



MAHARAJAH RAJPUT SINGH.
RANSOM OF 100,000
RUPEES FOR THE SAFE
RETURN OF THE PRINCE.
OTHERWISE - ?

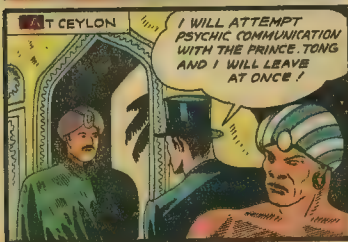


MAY I OFFER MY POOR
SERVICES, MAHARAJAH? I
LIKED THE LITTLE PRINCE
VERY MUCH. IT WOULD BE
AN HONOR TO EFFECT
HIS RELEASE!



AT CEYLON

I WILL ATTEMPT
PSYCHIC COMMUNICATION
WITH THE PRINCE. TONG
AND I WILL LEAVE
AT ONCE!



ON THE ROAD BEYOND
CEYLON -

I HEAR
HOOF-
BEATS!

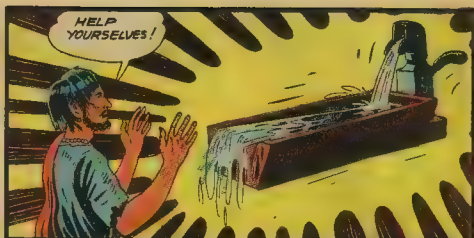


WHAT DO YOU
DO HERE,
WHITE MEN?



WHITE MEN!
WE ARE ONLY POOR
PEASANTS!





THE RIDERS RACE TOWARD CEYLON—NEVER NOTICING THAT THEIR NUMBER HAS BEEN INCREASED BY TWO!



THE RIDERS DRAW REIN BEFORE A HOUSE IN
CEYLON IN THE POORER QUARTERS—



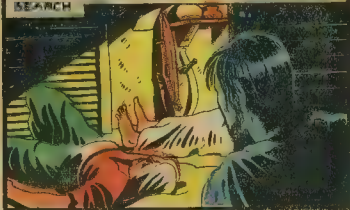
I THINK WE'VE HIT THE
RIGHT CROWD, TONG. I
HAVE A HUNCH WE'RE
ON THE TRAIL—



AS NIGHT APPROACHES, THE RIDERS PREPARE FOR SLEEP



BUT ZATARA IS SUSPICIOUS, AND BEGINS TO SEARCH



THREE MEN ARE TALKING AROUND A SMALL TABLE.



ZATARA RENDERS HIMSELF INVISIBLE TO ORDINARY EYES AND ENTERS THE ROOM -



THE TIME IS RIPE I TELL YOU ! THE FLIERS BROUGHT IN THE LITTLE PRINCE AS HOSTAGE AND WE ALREADY HAVE THE MACHINE GUNS. OH, OUR REVOLT AGAINST THE MAHARAJAH WILL BE SUCCESSFUL !

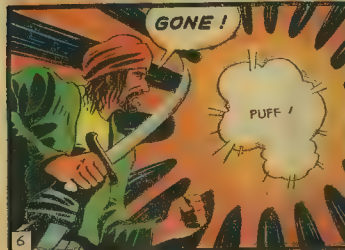


OUT OF THE GOODNESS OF MY HEART, YOU RUFFIANS, I WARN YOU - UNLESS YOU DELIVER THE PRINCE BY TO MORROW NIGHT, I SHALL HAVE NO MERCY !



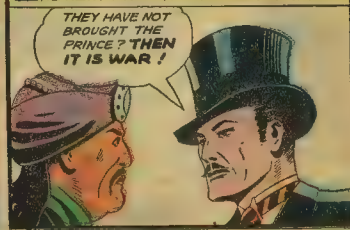
GONE !

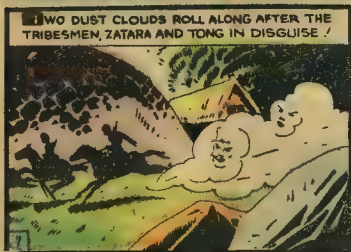
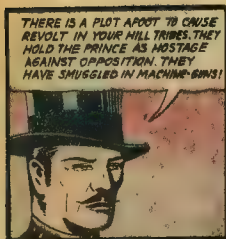
PUFF !

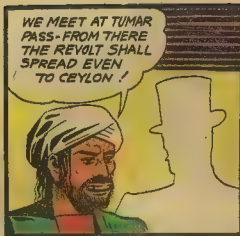


THE NEXT NIGHT AT THE MAHARAJAH'S -

THEY HAVE NOT BROUGHT THE PRINCE ? THEN IT IS WAR !







KNOWING THAT THE SECRET OF THE WHERE-
ABOUTS OF THE MISSING PRINCE IS HELD BY
THE BRIGAND CHIEF, ZATARA AND TONG
FOLLOW AS TWO HAWKS !



FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE ZATARA FOLLOWS
THE CHIEF

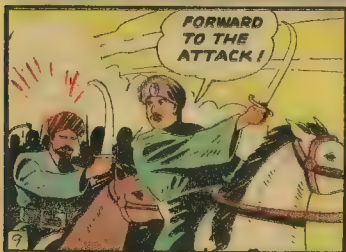
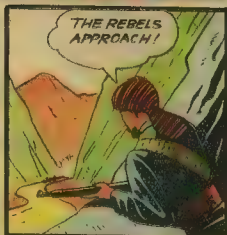
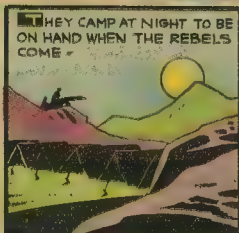
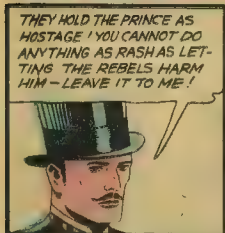
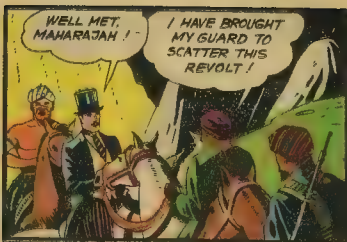
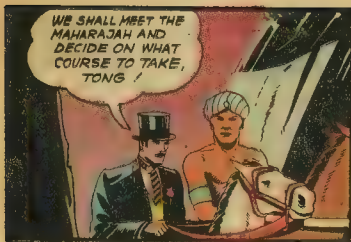


JUDGING THE TIME IS RIPE, ZATARA SENDS
WORD TO THE MAHARAJAH OF THE GATHERING
OF THE REBELS -



IN CEYLON THE MAHARAJAH YIELDS
TO HIS TEMPER -

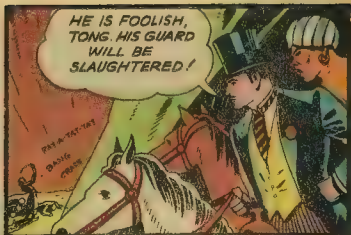




THE REBEL MACHINE GUNS GO INTO ACTION—



HE IS FOOLISH,
TONG. HIS GUARD
WILL BE
SLAUGHTERED!

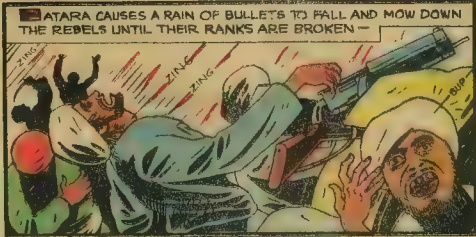


THEY HAVE SLAIN
MY GUARD! I
AM HELPLESS!

WE SHALL
SEE ABOUT
THAT!



ATARA CAUSES A RAIN OF BULLETS TO FALL AND MOW DOWN
THE REBELS UNTIL THEIR RANKS ARE BROKEN—



I SHALL FOLLOW THEM TO
RESCUE THE PRINCE. THEIR
REVOLT IS ALMOST
OVER NOW!



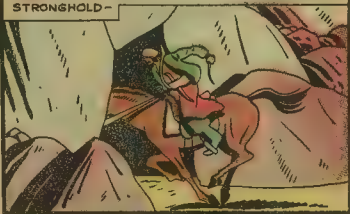
WE'RE
OFF!



ZATARA SOON CATCHES UP WITH THE REBEL LEADER—



THE REBEL CHIEF ARRIVES AT HIS MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD—



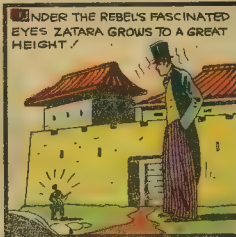
BUT ZATARA IS AT THE GATE AHEAD OF HIM—



CURSE THIS MAGICIAN—



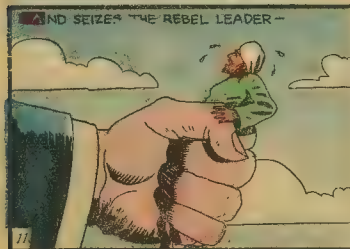
UNDER THE REBEL'S FASCINATED EYES ZATARA GROWS TO A GREAT HEIGHT.



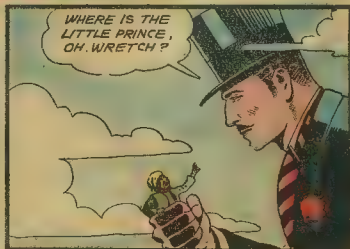
ZATARA'S HANDS TEAR AT THE REBEL WALL

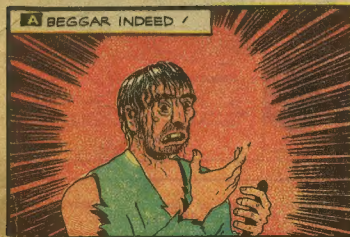
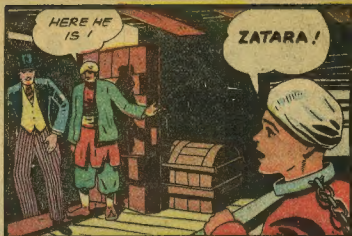


AND SEIZES THE REBEL LEADER—



WHERE IS THE LITTLE PRINCE, OH, WRETCH?





SPORTCASTING

... Scrapbook of Sport Stars ...



FRED APOSTOLI -

THE HARD PUNCHING
BELLHOP FROM SAN FRANCISCO
WHO K.O.D. FREDDIE STEELE
IN A NON-TITLE BOUT -

A FINE BOXER AND SMASHING
PUNCHER, HE IS CONSIDERED BY
MANY AS CHAMP OF THE 160-
POUNDS. HE IS
ITALIAN-AMERICAN
AND WAS BORN
IN 1915 //

ALTHOUGH FRED IS
BOXING ONLY 3 YEARS
HE HAS ESTABLISHED
HIMSELF AS ONE OF
THE TOP MIDDLEWEIGHTS
IN THE WORLD -



JONATHAN ZACHARY, OF THE YANKEES WON 15
STRAIGHT IN 1929 FOR A PERFECT SEASON BUT THE
YANKEES, NOR ANY OTHER AMERICAN LEAGUE TEAM
HAD ANY USE FOR HIM THE NEXT SEASON SO HE
WENT TO THE BOSTON BRAVES.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., Required by the ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, and MARCH 3, 1933. Of Action Comics Magazine, published monthly at Baltimore Md., for October 1938
State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Action Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Editor, V. Sullivan, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Managing Editor none. Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Harry Donenfeld, 110 Riverside Drive, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) J. S. Liebowitz, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1938. (Signed) Alfred B. Yaffe. (My commission expires March 20, 1940.)

BE A

CLARK KENT! KRYPTO- RAYGUN



CARRY THIS OFFICIAL SUPERMAN



CLARK KENT (SUPERMAN) shows actual pictures at the robbery on the courtyard with Mr. KRYPTO- RAYGUN. The visual evidence CONVICTS the crooks.

OFFICIAL SUPERMAN FILMS

No. 193: *Releasing The Prison—Falling Football Crooks—Killing The Cab Rocket.*
 No. 195: *The Subway Mystery—Saving The Circus—One Man Police Force.*
 Each scene FILM tells complete SUPERMAN story. Order sets by numbers listed.
25c Per Set of 3 Films

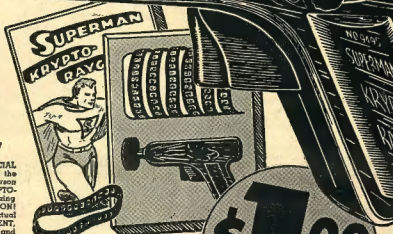


GET ONE FOR XMAS!

Yes, be a Superman! Carry Daisy's new, harmless OFFICIAL SUPERMAN KRYPTO-RAYGUN... an exact replica of the RAYGUN Superman always carries concealed on his person in his fight against crime! Looks exactly like the KRYPTO-RAYGUN Superman had made of KRYPTONITE, the amazing metal from his birthplace—the weird Planet KRYPTON! Superman has no difficulty gathering pictures of his crook-chasing adventures. Then (disguised as CLARK KENT, reporter) he appears in court before the judge and jury and projects scenes from the crime on the courtroom wall with Superman's KRYPTO-RAYGUN. This picture evidence proves the guilt of the crooks.

SAFE! HARMLESS! FUN!

Daisy has created a genuine electric pocket projector (complete with lens, bulb, battery, and Superman Adventure Film) which does not "take pictures" but PROJECTS PICTURES! This OFFICIAL Superman KRYPTO-RAYGUN—now ready for you—actually projects one scene from an exciting 28-frame Superman Adventure Story each time you pull the trigger. Shoots each picture on the wall or ceiling or any smooth, light surface. Positively safe—absolutely harmless thrilling fun! An exact duplicate of Superman's real KRYPTO-RAYGUN in style, appearance, and size. Superman's scene and picture is "projected" on every OFFICIAL model. Get YOUR DAILY OFFICIAL SUPERMAN KRYPTO-RAYGUN now at your nearest Department Store in 50c or \$1. Order! If Dealer hasn't them, or no Dealer near you, order direct from Daisy, enclosing coins, bills or Money Order—and we'll rush your order postpaid! Order all merchandise by NUMBERS ONLY, as listed on this page.



No. 94: Beautiful SUPER-PACK-AGE contains OFFICIAL Superman Krypto-Raygun, bulb, battery, real lenses, 7 complete Superman Film Stories of 28 different scenes each—a total of 196 pictures! Projects a new scene each time you pull trigger! Complete Outfit only **\$1**

No. 95: Carton holds OFFICIAL Superman Krypto-Raygun, bulb, battery, real lenses, one 28-frame Superman Film Adventure Story, "Re-Making a Heavyweight Champ." Complete Outfit only... **50c**

\$1.00

AT YOUR DEALERS
on write for Free Catalog

ASSORTED FILM SUBJECTS

Films fit every RAYGUN, Projector Pistol and Peep-Show Pistol advertised here. Sold only in Sets of 1, 2 or 3 films. Each film has 28 frames. NO variation from sets as listed.

25c PER SET AS LISTED

- No. 25: Robinson Crusoe—Peter Rabbit—Pilot Jerry McGee Good, No. 41: Wild Animals—Night Before Xmas—Little Black Sambo, No. 51: Tom Sawyer—Treasure Island—Dory on a Ranch, No. 45: Rescue Rides a Horse—Rides the Range—President of the U. S.—Hansel & Gretel, No. 85: Dope—A Little Piggy—Honey Bees, No. 95: Little Red Hen—Little Red Riding Hood—Gingerbread Boy, No. 105: The Pilgrims—Carnival in Mexico—Development of Locomotive in America, No. 125: Nutsy Goose Hunting—Blackie in the Fun—Merry Month & Baby Toothpick, No. 135: Zoo, Bryce Parks, Yellowstone and Grand Canyon Parks, No. 145: Ten Sawyers—Daniel Boone and the Indiana—Rip Van Winkle and the Dwarfs, No. 155: Spooks—The Dance of Mr. Bones—The Houndstooth Coat, No. 175: Farm Animals—George Binks—The Eagle's Nest, No. 185 (2 films): Seating New York, Venice & E. No. 215: The Three Swagmen—General, Episode No. 2, COLORED FILMS (1 film in set), No. 225: National Parks of West, No. 235: Hansel & Gretel, No. 245: Ten Sawyers.

Duty added in Canada to all prices on this page



2 NEW DAISY PROJECTOR PISTOLS! WITH ASSORTED FILM SUBJECTS

NUMBER 90—7 Different picture stories packed with new Daisy PROJECTOR Pistol... wild west, comics, adventure, educational! Each 28-scene film tells complete story. Pistol, bulb, battery, lenses, and 3 films all in SPECIAL PACK **\$1**

NUMBER 91—Contains same COMPLETE Daisy PROJECTOR PISTOL and equipment as in Outfit Number 90. Has ONE 28-scene story film. Pull trigger—flash story on wall! SAFE! FUN! **50c** get yours



2 NEW DAISY "PEEP-SHOW" PISTOLS!

NUMBER 96—Peek thru rear pistol lens—see show inside pistol day or night. New and improved battery. Pistol, 28-view SUPERMAN Film, all in carton. Only **25c**

NUMBER 92—A real "peek" theatre! "PEEK" thru rear pistol lens—see show INSIDE Pistol! All films listed here fit it. Pistol with 28-view film. Only **25c**



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DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY 681 Union St., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Like Bill Got His!

HERE'S A WESTERN
SADDLE GUN
FELLERS,
THAT'S REAL



The famous RED
RYDER Cowboy
Cartoon Strips ap-
pears in hundreds
of daily, Sunday
newspapers served
by NEA. Read it
in YOUR
scoutbook.

Duty added in Canada
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FRED

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A SURPRISE - NOT UP HIS NOSE
BUT IN HIS POCKET!

**GOLDEN-BANDED
1000-SHOT**

RED RYDER

Licensed by Steuben Glassworks, Inc., N.Y.

cowboy

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MEET FRED HARMAN

HARMAN
ambitious cowboy artist
who draws NEAR
ED HYDER COM
TRIP! Fred helps
also design the
AUTHENTIC Car
Loy Carlsbad!

See the  **Adventures**
OF **RED RYDER**
— DONALD D. BARRY
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